

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

1. LATE FOR THE TRAIN, *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 3
2. COUNTRY-HOUSE ON THE RHINE. Part XXXIII. By
Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the Ger-
man for *The Living Age*, *Die Presse*, 18
3. HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.
No. XI. The Sceptic (David Hume), *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 29
4. THE COURTYARD OF THE OURS D'OR, *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 49
5. THE FRENCH ELECTIONS, *Spectator*, 61

SHORT ARTICLES.

CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE,	59	PROF. MORLEY'S "TABLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,"	63
BISMARCK'S TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID,	59		
COMPARATIVE IMPURITY OF WATER IN CITIES,	60		

POETRY.

THE BEST OFFERING TO O'CONNELL,	2	WHAT THE ENGINES SAID,	63
A UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE SONG,	2	THE AWAITING,	64
DR. MERIVALE'S DEDICATION TO HIS WIFE,	17	SUMMER RHYME,	64
THE BIRDS,	48	FILIAL APPEAL TO A PARENT,	64
ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN SHE DIED,	60		

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THE BEST OFFERING TO O'CONNELL.

MAY 14TH, 1869.

"The remains of the Liberator were this day transferred from their temporary resting-place where they have reposed since 1847, when he died, with great pomp, to the tomb raised for him by national contribution in Glasnevin Cemetery." — *Dublin News of May 14th.*

BEAR his bones, with all pomp, from the place
they have kept
For the twenty-two years that have pass'd since
he slept,
To the tomb that his Erin has painfully reared
For the Champion she loved, and her enemies
feared.

There's a time to note sharply, a time to pass
by,
The flaw in the brilliant, the cloud in the sky :
There's a time to be gen'rous, nor narrowly
scan

The stains on a reem'ry, the faults in a man.

Standing now by his tomb, who devoted his life,
With wrong and oppression to wage deadly
strife,

Till from Captive, Emancipate Erin he saw,
In the liberty won by the triumph of Law.

Why gauge the alloy that was mixed with his
gold?

Earth and matrix why weigh, 'gaist the gems
in their hold?

A great work was laid on him, and that work he
wrought;

He'd a battle to fight, and that battle he fought.

And he wrought to good end, and he fought till
he won,

And the sum of injustice was less 'neath the
sun :

Let what smallness or selfishness darkens his
name

Be drunk up and drowned in the light of that
fame.

Let us think of the warm heart, still open, at
need,

To the wronged of his race, the oppressed of his
creed :

Untempted by pelf, and undaunted by power,
Too noble to crawl, and too daring to cower.

Let us think of the big brain, and eloquent
tongue,

That like Erin's own *clair-seach** now wailed,
and now rung,

O'er the wrongs of the slaves he was vowed to
set free,

Or in praise of his green isle, his gem of the
sea !

On the bier that is borne to Glasnevin to-day,
One offering the hand of the Saxon can lay —

The Bill that the Church of the stranger strikes
down —
Of the work of his life consummation and crown !

Last link of the chain, once red-rusted with
gore,
Forged by Saxon for Celt, in the ill-times of
yore,

At whose crushing coil, forty long years ago,
His hand struck the first and the deadliest blow !
Punch.

A UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE SONG.

(ADAPTED FROM MOORE.)

HARK ! as the clocks the quarters chime,
The sound of the sweeping oars in time;
Hark ! as the bright, blue blades appear,
The crowd, the cry, and the rolling cheer !
Row, Oxford, row, the stream runs fast,
The Winning-post's near, and the Bridge is
past.

See ! all the line your flags unfurl;
See ! the blue crest upon braid and curl;
Now, for the love of the girls on shore,
Pull, stroke and bow, pull every oar !
Row, Cambridge, row, the stream runs fast.
The Winning-post's near, and the Bridge is
past.

Fly on the tide this afternoon !
City and Town will shout for you soon;
City and Town will wish for you there —
Cool heads, stout hearts, and wind to spare.
Row, victors, row, the stream runs fast,
The good "Ship" is here, and the danger's
past. Funch.

How all things glow with life and thought,
Where'er our faithful fathers trod !
The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent of God.
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
The buried echoes of the past;
A voice of strength, a voice of pride,
Here dwells amid the storm and blast.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown.
Yea, flood and breeze, and battle shock
Shall beat upon this church in vain;
She stands, a daughter of the rock,
The changeless God's eternal fane.

REV. S. HAWKER.

* The ancient Irish harp.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

E.

It was dead low-water at Wansford Road Station. The tide of trains, express, ordinary, and goods, which dashed by between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M. (for but few of them stopped at that small roadside halting-place) had run out, and for the last three-quarters of an hour the precincts had been as silent and undisturbed as the aisles of a fashionable church on a week-day. Mr. Morgan—book-keeper, clerk, and superintendent, all in one—was immersed in a study of long ledgers, which seem to have been invented to keep the minds of the officials in such places from stagnating. Jem Dobbs, the sole porter and pointsman on duty, was occupying the horsehair chair invented by the company for the punishment of their passengers, sunk in that professional half-slumber which has still an eye and an ear open for any sounds of business. Seeing that he was on duty for an average fourteen hours a-day, it was very well for him that he had acquired something of the faculty ascribed to great military commanders, of snatching an odd ten minutes of sleep whenever the movements of the enemy—in his case the “ups” and “downs”—would let him.

Suddenly Dobbs jumped up, and was out on the platform in a second. The distant rumble of the up-train from E—— for London had mingled with his blissful dream of the tap of the “Railway Hotel,” and roused him to his duty of bell-ringing. Mr. Morgan had not heard the sound, apparently, though he was wide awake. But then it was not his special business.

“She’s before her time this morning, Jem,” said he to his subordinate when he re-entered, casting a look at the office clock as he spoke.

“It’s Buster as is driving,” said Jem; “he’s allus either afore his time or arter; he were brought up on the Westland Junction, where they does all their work on their own premises, and the platelayers makes the chronometers.”

“Ye’re early to-day, Joe,” remarked the porter, as the engine drew up at the platform.

“Well, I were late yesterday,” replied Joe, with an air of entire self-satisfaction.

“You goes on the system of averages on the Junction, I suppose; we an’t got to that pint yet on the main line. Well, you’ve got to wait, you know—two minutes and a half.”

There was but one passenger for Wansford, and as he was a second-class, and appeared to have but a single carpet-bag, Jem Dobbs shrewdly calculated that he was quite equal to the weight of that himself, and resumed his own talk with the driver.

“Here’s to-day’s ‘Telegraph’ for you, Jem,—I suppose you han’t seed it?” Coming from the rural metropolis of E——, the speaker was in a position to confer this kind of literary obligations on his friends at the smaller stations.

“I don’t care for no Telegraphs,” said the other, moodily. Indeed, the newspaper, having passed through the hands of the driver and his mate during their half-hour of refreshment at E——, was not a tempting-looking object except to a very earnest politician. Jem held out his hand for it nevertheless. “I don’t want no papers. What’s the use of a newspaper to a man as is nailed to this ‘ere platform fourteen hours out of every twenty-four? What odds can it make to him about politics? Lots of talking in Parlyment,” he continued, glancing with an air of disgust either at the long speeches or at the dirty pages. “Ah! I desay! much good they does a-talking.”

“There’s all about the Hirish Church.”

“Bother the Hirish Church! What harm did the Hirish Church ever do me or you? If they’d take off the Hirish Mail, now, as keeps me out of my bed till one in the morning every other night, kicking my heels in this here solutary hole, I’d say they did some good. I’m turned Tory, Joe, I am. I don’t admire so much progress; it drives a man off his legs, and well-nigh off his head too. You’ve heard of this Hact as this new Company’s got passed?”

“The Millford and Ashwater? They’re to have running powers over this line, I’m told.”

“Ay—and we shall have lots more work here a-signalling, and no more pay, I’ll be bound, for it. Running powers! I wish I’d my foot behind some of them directors,

Joe, I'd give 'em some running powers — bless'd if I wouldn't."

"Time's up," said the station-master, issuing forth watch in hand. There was the usual whistle and shriek, and with a slow lumbering motion and much panting, like an unwilling monster, the train began to work again.

"Hold on there! hold on!" shouted the official suddenly, when they had scarcely yet got well under way. "Here's Sir Francis coming down the hill," said he to the porter. "Hold on!"

"Hold on!" echoed Dobbs, frantically rushing to the end of the platform, and raising both arms with the due telegraphic motion. Glancing round, he saw the dog-cart rapidly nearing the station, with the driver's arm raised in correspondence. Quickened by the thought of a possible shilling, he ran some fifty yards along the line, still shouting and gesticulating after the fast retreating train. But the wind was contrary, and Buster did not, and the guard would not hear; and Jem returned panting to the platform to see Sir Francis jump down at the station-door — just one half-minute too late.

"How's this, Morgan?" said he, as the station-master came forward to express his regret. "Why, they're off before their time!"

"I think not, Sir Francis," said Mr. Morgan, respectfully, glancing up at his clock. The baronet drew out his own watch, but it more than confirmed the station-master. He was evidently a good deal annoyed, but he was too much of a gentleman to blame others for punctuality.

"By Jove, Lizzy, we're too late, after all," he said in a tone of vexation to a young lady who had accompanied him, as he went to help her down.

"How very provoking!"

"I've been here fifty times to meet this train, and never knew you all so sharp in my life before," said he, with an attempt to smile.

"Quite true, Sir Francis, — it is very seldom we are so exact to time: the train came in early, and had to wait a minute or two, but there was no one here, you see, and so —"

"Of course, of course, Morgan. There's

no one to blame but myself; but it's very annoying to miss it by so little. I had an engagement I wished especially to keep today."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure, Sir Francis," said the station-master, with a manner as if he meant what he said: for Sir Francis Hargrave, if not exactly popular, was generally respected in the neighbourhood, and had even once or twice sent Mr. Morgan a little present of game in acknowledgment of polite services in his department. But in the midst of explanations and apologies the station door opened, and another would-be passenger appeared. It was a young man in the dress of a superior mechanic, carrying a small bundle.

"Train gone?" said he, almost breathless.

"Just gone," said Jem, with an emphasis on the first word, as though he congratulated himself and his questioner on having timed it so nicely. There was no malice, but only a general sort of civil misanthropy on the porter's part towards the general public. He saw a good deal of the weaker side of human nature. People were so stupid: coming late for trains, as if it was not quite as easy for those who had all the day before them to be ten minutes beforehand as two minutes behind (he should like to know what the company would say to him if he was two minutes late to signal in the half-past five train these blessed winter mornings); bringing luggage with unreadable addresses, or no address at all; expecting it to go all right, even under the latter condition; or, in cases where it was legibly directed, duly labelled, and put out on the platform, hovering over it to his, Jem Dobb's personal inconvenience (these were commonly lady-passengers), in the evident belief that the company would make away with it, leave it behind, or otherwise unlawfully dispose of it if they were allowed the slightest chance. Then people asked such utterly needless and unreasonable questions; expecting him to know, and to be able to explain to the dullest comprehension, the time-tables, not only of his own line, but of every line in or out of connection with it: to be able to give an exact guess, if a train were late in arrival, as to "how much longer" it would be; and, to crown their

aggravations, standing at the carriage-doors when the train was just starting, to give some parting message that might just as well have been given ten minutes before, or insisting on kissing each other on tiptoe through the window.

"Gone!" echoed the young man, with a face of consternation — "why —"

He turned round to face a slight girlish figure which had entered close behind him.

"We're too late," he said — "too late."

"When does the next train go for London, sir?" asked the girl timidly of Mr. Morgan. There was great anxiety in her face, but she seemed the more business-like of the two.

"There's none till 1.25," said the station-master; "you'll have an hour and a half to wait."

"Have you a telegraph here?" interjected the young man rapidly.

"Telegraph? no," said Jem, in a tone which implied that things were not come to that pass of aggravation yet at Wansford Road.

The girl meanwhile was studying the time-table, running her finger nervously along the lines.

"The express does not stop here," she said. "How far is it to Croxton, sir? it stops there. Is there any conveyance to be had that would take us on there in time?"

The young man caught at the idea eagerly.

"Yes," said he, "a fly, or gig, or anything — it is worth trying." And he began to count the coins in a purse which did not seem over well filled.

But no conveyance of any kind was to be had at the "Station Hotel," unless by previous order from the little town of Wansford, which was two miles off.

"It's no use — it's no use," said the disappointed traveller, trying hard to suppress evident emotion, as he walked out upon the platform, where the girl quickly followed him.

There had been another more interested spectator of the scene than either of the railway officials. The young lady who accompanied Sir Francis had marked with a woman's sympathy the look of distress in the face of the girl (who might have been a year or two younger than herself), and was now engaged in an earnest whisper with

her brother — for such was the relationship between them.

The baronet turned round sharply. "Very well," said he. And he stepped out upon the platform where the other two were walking, — the girl clinging to her companion's arm, and looking up pitifully into his moody face. Sir Francis touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Is it really important to you, young man, to catch this express for London?"

"Oh yes, sir, yes!" said the girl, answering for him, as he turned round to his questioner with a somewhat bewildered and half-resentful expression. There was nothing to resent, however, in Sir Francis' manner, though it was more business-like than sympathetic. Time and words were precious.

"Jump into my dog-cart, then, here at the door, and my groom will get you there in time. Look sharp, Johnson!"

The porter caught the baronet's decided tone, and the groom, who was walking the mare about, was summoned to the door again before the young man could half understand the offer, or express his thanks.

"Do you go with him?" said Jem to the girl, as she handed up the little bundle to her companion already seated by the groom's side.

"No, oh no!" said she; "make haste!"

Sir Francis stood at the door looking after the dog-cart for a minute or so, as it drove rapidly off. He had his watch in his hand.

"She'll do it in the time, Morgan," he remarked, as they turned a corner out of sight. He was more interested in his mare's powers than in the emergencies of a stranger.

"Oh, will they, sir, do you think?" said the young girl to him appealingly. Her eyes were straining after them too.

"Yes, yes; they're safe to do it," said the baronet, looking at her with some curiosity. He was half-amused and half-embarrassed by her earnestness. He was not much accustomed to these appeals from "young persons" in her station of life. But she had a very beautiful face, he saw now; and he had an artist's eye for faces.

"Yes, he'll be in time, my — good girl." He had almost said, "my dear;" but with

a happy presence of mind he corrected himself. Then he walked back into the station to get out of the way of her thanks; for he saw tears in her eyes, and he did not care to see a woman cry—even a plebeian. Neither, to do him justice, was he a man to desire such impassioned thanks for a mere good-natured action. He had done it to oblige his sister; but when he saw how pretty this other girl was, he felt very well satisfied that he had done her a kindness too.

"And what are you going to do yourself, Sir Francis?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Oh! I should have had to wait here, I suppose, anyhow, for the 1.22 train. We're going to Moultsford, and the express wouldn't help us—don't stop there, you know. You won't mind waiting here, Lizzy? It's a great nuisance—I shall be late for that meeting; but, you see, Vernon will expect us to dinner all the same. I think we ought not to disappoint them. I'll just take a stroll about and smoke a cigar. Have you a book?"

She shook her head. "I shall do very well—don't mind me, pray."

"And I must have left the 'Times' in the dog-cart. How stupid of me!"

"Here's to-day's 'Telegraph,' miss," said Jem, producing the paper from the office window. "It an't justly fit for a lady's hand, but it's only theingin black—perhaps if you was to take your gloves off, it wouldn't hurt." Jem had an idea that the little hands would wash, but the lilac kids certainly would not.

"Oh, thank you, never mind. Now, you see, Francis, I'm quite provided."

"Well, Mr. Morgan will take care of you, and I'll look in." He lighted his cigar, and was going out at the door opposite the platform. The girl who had accompanied the young traveller was still waiting in the office.

"She wants to thank you, Sir Francis," said the station-master, to whom she had been speaking. She came forward a step or two, but still seemed shy to address him.

He turned to her good-humouredly. "Oh! it's not worth mentioning—it will do the mare good." It was wonderful what an expressive face this young person had—and there were tears in her eyes. "Don't say a word," he said, in a very kind tone; "good-bye." It was not at all his habit to say good-bye to 'young persons' he encountered on railways.

At this moment a whistling scream was heard in the distance, and Jem Dobbs

rushed frantically across the office, and out upon the platform.

"Only the down express, Sir Francis," said Morgan, in explanation.

What is the strange attraction which draws every one to see an express go by? It was a question which Jem Dobbs would have felt much relieved to have got answered satisfactorily. Why should he continually have not only to shout and warn and remonstrate, but to rush along the edge of the platform at his own personal risk, and push back the curious fools, young and old, who seemed to be always trying how near they could stand without the train touching them?

It was no wonder that the girl, to whom railway travelling was a novelty, should go to the door to look. Even the more aristocratic young lady was standing in the office window, and Sir Francis himself turned and went out to see. Certainly he had the excuse of having nothing better to do at the moment.

"Take care there!" shouted Jem from the points, which he had gone to attend to.

"Take care," said the baronet. But she was careful enough. Sir Francis did not seem to be so very much interested in the passage of the express, after all, for he turned his back to it as it came roaring up; it gave him the opportunity, at all events, of looking into her face again without rudeness, as she stood absorbed in watching its rapid approach. He dropped his cigar as he turned, and reached to pick it up almost at her feet. There was an iron clamp on the platform, fastening together two flagstones which were somewhat worn. More than once Mr. Morgan had written to headquarters to advise their removal as dangerous. The baronet's heel tripped on this as he recovered his cigar, and he staggered backwards right on the edge of the platform as the train came rushing up. Instinctively he put out his hand, and the girl clasped it. He was quite off his balance, and the strain was almost too much for her. There was a loud scream—from the window, not from her—as for one terrible instant the two swung together almost over the platform, so that the hindmost carriages brushed the person of Sir Francis as they flew past. The girl held on bravely, though she was dragged a step or two from her position. The station-master had rushed forward the moment he saw the peril; but the whole scene passed instantaneously, and by the time he had grasped the girl's dress with one hand the train had passed, the danger was over, and she had

fainted and fallen on the rails. The fall was in a measure broken by the station-master's grasp; but when Sir Francis, who had recovered himself, by a spring forward, stooped to assist her, the blood was trickling from her forehead, and she neither moved nor spoke. She had struck her head against the rail.

"Good heavens! is she killed!" said he, in an agony.

Mr. Morgan was calmer. "Only stunned and faint, sir, I think; she did not fall heavily—I had good hold of her."

The two men lifted her carefully into the office, and laid her on the horsehair bench, which had never been found so convenient. The cut was not severe, so far as they could judge.

"Send at once for the nearest surgeon," said the baronet.

"I fear we can't be spared here," said the station-master; "but I'll step across to the hotel, and get some one from there to run up to Wansford."

"I'll go myself," said the baronet; "Lizzy, you see to her—get some water."

"Yes, yes," said his sister, "go at once; there's not much harm, I hope."

There came a sigh from the patient as she spoke, which the experience of Mr. Morgan pronounced an excellent sign. He was so far right, that before Sir Francis had been gone many minutes, the colour had partially come back into her face, and she had once or twice opened her eyes. The landlady of the little public-house close by—dignified by the name of 'hotel'—came in, and though a vulgar fussy woman, she was some help to the others under the circumstances. She was anxious to have the patient carried over to her parlour, but this the station-master did not advise. "It's a noisy place, miss," he said, in an aside; "she'll be better taken up to Wansford, after the doctor has been."

"Who is she, Mr. Morgan? Do you know at all?" asked the young lady.

Mr. Morgan had no idea. Jem had no idea. He had seen the young man once or twice he thought, about Wansford lately, but he was a stranger to the place.

There was consciousness in the eyes the next time they were opened, and they looked round with a mute and questioning distress at all the strange faces. Miss Hargrave signed to Mr. Morgan and Jem, who were hovering about and looking on with the kindly but troublesome helplessness common to their sex in such emergencies, to go out of the way. "We shall manage very well now," she said to them. "You are to

lie still, dear, and be quiet; you've hurt yourself."

Apparently the sufferer gained confidence by what she saw in the gentle face which bent over her. She shut her eyes again, and lay quite still for some minutes. Then she locked up again and asked—"Where is my brother?"

"He is gone to London, you know, dear, and I'm to take care of you till he comes back."

"Oh! I remember," said the girl, with a look of pained anxiety. "Can I go home now—to Wansford, I mean? I think I could go now," she said, half raising herself.

"We've sent for something to take you there—it will be here very soon," said Lizzy, with pious falsehood. "You're to be very quiet till it comes. You have had a fall, but you'll be yourself again in a very little while."

"I know—I know," said the girl. "Was he hurt?"

"My brother, do you mean? Oh no; it was you that fell—and you saved his life, I do believe. But you must not talk."

"Tell me the gentleman's name—I asked the clerk, but I was not sure what he said."

"Hargrave—but never mind."

"Sir Francis Hargrave?"

Lizzy nodded, as much as to decline talk.

"Are you his sister?" said the girl, springing half up, and looking wild enough, as her hair had come all loose while they were bathing her temples.

"Yes—but I'll tell you nothing if you won't lie still."

"Oh!" said the other, "forgive me! do forgive me! Oh, if I had but known! don't think hard of me!" Her pleading was piteous. She was wandering, no doubt, and Miss Hargrave was seriously alarmed. But she was a sensible girl, and kept her presence of mind.

"I'll go away," said she, stoutly, "if you will talk."

"Say only you'll forgive me, whatever comes of it!" said the sufferer, seizing her hand. But there was a hazy look about the eyes, and her voice grew weaker. Lizzy Hargrave promised forgiveness lavishly, and succeeded at last in calming her so far that she lay down again, still holding the hand she had taken.

She lay quiet after this, and sank into a doze. Miss Hargrave sat and watched her, waiting anxiously for her brother's return with the surgeon. He was longer than she had hoped. But the patient was now

breathing easily, and the doze seemed to have become a sound sleep, for the tightly-clasped hand was relaxed, and at last withdrawn altogether. She picked up *Jem's 'Telegraph,'* which had dropped on the floor, and glanced over its pages. There was not much in it to interest her, and she began mechanically, as people will do in such cases, to read some of the advertisements. At last she was struck by one in which a familiar name appeared.

One Hundred Pounds Reward. Wanted, evidence of the marriage of Richard Hargrave with Mary Gordon, in or about the year 18—. The marriage took place in Australia—probably at Ballarat. The name of one of the witnesses is supposed to have been John Somers, who came from the neighbourhood of Wansford, in Essex. Apply to R. H., 15 Crown Court, Clifford's Inn.

The coincidence of names was at least curious, and she read it over more than once. A start from the sleeper, however, led her to drop the paper hastily, lest its rustle should disturb what she hoped might prove the best restorative.

The surgeon had not been easily found; but Sir Francis brought him at last, as fast as his horse and "trap" could carry him. He would not pronounce a very confident opinion as to the amount of injury his patient had sustained. The cut was nothing, and there was no external mischief. The symptoms which he did not like were the outburst of wandering excitement of which Miss Hargrave informed him, and the subsequent drowsiness which continued now, even in spite of the disturbing presence of so many strangers, of which indeed she seemed only partially conscious.

"She must be taken home at once, and put to bed," said he, "and we shall know more about it to-morrow. You said you had made some arrangement for her conveyance, I think, Sir Francis? I had better stay, perhaps, and see her safely landed."

"Very well," said the baronet; "yes, I have arranged about all that." He called his sister aside, and whispered a few words. Miss Hargrave's face brightened, and she quietly pressed her brother's hand. The three stood together by the fire in the office, interchanging an occasional commonplace remark in a low tone, Mr. Morgan having retired to his insatiate ledgers. Sir Francis was thoughtful and silent. For want of some better subject of conversation, his sister took up the *'Telegraph,'* and pointed to the advertisement she had noticed. Her brother glanced at it, made no remark, but after a minute or two took it up and read it again.

"Curious, is it not?" said his sister.

"Yes," said the baronet. "I've seen something like it before. It's an old story."

He dropped the paper on the ground—indeed it was not tempting to handle more than one could help. Then he turned and looked out of the window.

"Here's the carriage at last, thank heaven! We're going to send her up to the Hall at once," he said to the surgeon, in brief explanation; "she'll have more chance there than in her own lodgings; and Mrs. Hargrave, as you know, doctor, is a first-rate nurse."

He had found out, while hunting the surgeon up and down the little town of Wansford, that two persons answering to the description of this young man and his sister had been occupying some very humble lodgings there for the last few days, though his informant did not know their names.

The girl, still only partly conscious, was carefully lifted into the carriage, in which all necessary preparations had been made, and Miss Hargrave found a corner there for herself. With the surgeon seated on the box, they set off at once for Wanscote Hall.

"I shall wait here till Johnson comes back, Lizzy—he can't be long now. We must give up the Vernons to-day, of course—you must write and explain."

It was not above three miles to the Hall, and in less than half an hour the sufferer was safe in bed in a darkened room, with Mrs. Hargrave, that aunt of aunts, as her niece called her, sitting in her kingdom by the bedside. She had seen plenty of trouble of all kinds; but to look at her placid face now, you would have said that in all her life she had never even known a care. Trouble had refined, not corroded her.

II.

THE mare meanwhile had covered her seven miles easily within the three-quarters of an hour allowed her, and Croxton station was reached before the express for London came in sight. Johnson, the groom, had vainly tried to engage his companion in conversation during the drive. Beyond replying—judiciously enough—to his remarks upon Brown Bess's good qualities, the young stranger had been abstracted and silent. When he jumped down, however, he thanked the man warmly, and offered him a half-crown.

The groom looked at the money sheepishly. "No, thank you," said he; "you're very welcome, for my share of it, sir." He added the "sir" almost involuntarily.

"Take it, my good fellow," said the other; "this lift may be worth many half-crowns to me."

But Johnson looked at the little bundle tied up in a handkerchief, and thought there were not many half-crowns' worth at any rate.

"No, sir, thank you," he said, not moving his hand from the reins; "Sir Francis wouldn't like it." The man was not selfish; not so many men of his class are, as their masters are apt to think. "I wish you a good journey, sir," he added, as he turned round, "and I hope no offence."

"That chap's a gentleman, I do believe," said the groom to himself, as he drove round to the inevitable 'hotel' to wash out the mare's mouth and his own before returning. "He don't talk altogether like one, nor he don't wear no gloves, but he's got a gentleman's ways."

The object of these remarks reached London in due course, thanks to Sir Francis' help, not an hour after the train which he had missed. Taking a cab from the terminus, he drove straight down to the London Docks.

"Whereabouts would the Diana Vernon lie, for Port Philip?" he inquired of the first respectable-looking seaman he could find.

He was directed to the vessel at once—not a hundred yards distant. She was not off yet, then. "When do you sail?" he asked a boy who was carrying something on board.

"At six this evening. Are you a-going?"

"No. Can you tell me if Jack Winter is on board?"

"Ay; he was, howsumever, a quarter of an hour since."

He brushed past the lad on the narrow gangway, thereby drawing out rather a large oath from so small a blasphemer, and in another minute had the object of his search pointed out to him. It was a bluff greasy-looking man, sitting on a barrel, with a short pipe in his mouth, apparently not over-sober, to whom he was directed.

"Are you John Somers, formerly of Painter's Ridge, Victoria?" The speaker asked the question quickly and decidedly, but in a low tone of voice. He read the true answer in the seaman's face in a moment, greasy as it was. There was no mistake; he had found his man.

"Well," said the person addressed, with an oath, and a laugh which was not meant to express pleasure, "you takes liberties with my name, mate. Anything else as you'd like to know?"

"Yes," said the other quickly, "a good many things, which I think you can tell me. You are John Somers?"

"I an't called so on board the Dirty Diana; you can call me so, if you like—or by any other name, if it strikes your fancy, youngster." And he stuck his pipe into his mouth again, and his hands into his pockets, with what might have been either defiance or contemptuous indifference.

"Look here," said the younger man, "never mind about the name—I may be wrong; but I will make it worth your while to listen to me, if you'll step ashore anywhere with me for ten minutes."

"You be blowed!" said Jack Winter or Somers; "we're off in an hour, and I've no time to listen to your business." He spoke with some hesitation, however, for he saw the other's tremulous eagerness.

"You've nothing to fear from me," resumed the stranger, "and everything to gain. I want you as a witness; and I say again, I'll make it worth your while." And feeling nervously in the old purse, he slipped something into the sailor's hand.

Casting a glance round the deck of the vessel to assure himself that no one was watching them, Jack Somers looked into his hand stealthily. The colour of what he saw there was enough. Calling to the boy as he passed, he charged him to tell the captain, if any inquiries were made, that he should be back "in no time," and motioned to his new acquaintance to follow him. He led the way to one of those common resorts for seamen which abounded in the neighbourhood.

"Ask for a private room, youngster, if you've any magging to do as you don't want made too common. They'll give you a parlour if you pay for it."

The pair were soon seated in a low close room, redolent of stale tobacco and worse odours.

"Now, John Somers," said the younger man (he quietly assumed the identity, and the other did not now seem inclined to dispute it), "you see I know you—but I'll call you Jack Winter for the present if you prefer it. I've no objection," he added, with a half-laugh, "to a fancy name, if it suits a gentleman's purpose; I've hailed by more than one myself of late. But you were John Somers when you saw Richard Freeman married."

"John Somers it was," said the man sententiously, though with some surprise. He was quite at his ease now; for whatever doubtful points there were in his pre-

vious history, Richard Freeman's name was in no way connected with them.

"You saw him married?"

"Well, I did."

"You remember the name of the — lady?"

"Well, she wasn't that much of a lady; but I remember her well enough — Mary Gordon; she were some sort of a cousin o' mine."

The young man slightly flushed, and spoke rapidly.

"You witnessed the marriage. Did you know Richard Freeman well?"

"Better than I know you."

"Was that his real name? Did you know him go by any other?"

"Well, there was few of us as went by our Sunday names out there, you know. I don't suppose as his name *was* Freeman. I've heard he left another name behind him in England. I can't justly say as I remember it."

"Was it Hargrave?"

"Hargrave? I do believe it was! I've got a paper somewhere as he gave me to keep, with his marriage lines on, and I count that's the name as is on it."

"You've got his marriage certificate? Then it's worth a hundred pounds to you, my good fellow, that's all, if you'll come with me," said the younger man, excitedly.

"The devil it is! Are you in sober earnest, mate, or have you been a-lushing it?"

The other hastily drew out a small pocket-book, and produced a scrap cut from a newspaper. It was the same advertisement which had attracted Miss Hargrave's attention at the station.

"Who'll go bail for the truth of this here?" asked Jack Somers, prudently.

"If you'll come with me at once to my lawyer's, and bring the paper you spoke of, and tell him what you've told me, you shall have part of the money down, and the rest when you give your evidence."

"I don't like lawyers," said Jack, shaking his head. "I allus give them sort as wide a berth as I can."

"If your story be true — as I have no doubt it is, mind — I'll make it two hundred."

"You're flush of your promises, youngster. Now let me ax you a question — you've axed me a pretty many. What's Dick Freeman, or whatever his name might be, to you?"

"He was my father," said the young man.

"D — me if you don't favour him, now I look at you. You've a considerable

spice of his ways about you, too. Well, Dick was a good pal to me; I liked Dick. And you're Dick's son? I don't know as I'd ha' gone near a lawyer again, of my own free will, for the chance of the bun'ed pounds you talk about; but I were always a soft chap, and I'll go with you, if I miss my trip. You'll have to see me through with the cap'n, mind you — you and your lawyer-chap. He's good for that much, I suppose?"

The two men got into a Hansom, and drove rapidly to a small court near Clifford's Inn. They were shown into a room almost as close and dingy as that which they had left. Mr. Brent, the lawyer, whom they found there sitting at his desk, went far to justify in his outward appearance Jack Somers's prejudice against the profession generally — which, however, it is only fair to say, was founded on certain personal experiences not of a favourable kind, connected with what he himself termed "a spree on shore," but which was known in the jargon of the law as "assault and battery," and which had led to his shipping himself on board the *Diana* under his present *alias*. He had been assured, however, in the course of his drive from the Docks, that the law at present had no terrors for him, but rather a prospect of considerable advantage; so that when he was presented to Mr. Brent by his lawful surname, he made no difficulty on the point.

"So we've got our witness, Mr. Hargrave," said the lawyer, when the introduction had been duly made. "I knew Furrutt was right. Never knew him fail, sir, — that is, when properly paid. Always pay a man well, Mr. Hargrave, when you want your work well done. That's a maxim of mine. I'm sure you'll agree with me, Mr. Somers!"

Jack Somers indicated his assent to so sound a principle.

"You'll be well paid for your work, sir, as you'll find; it's Mr. Hargrave's wish — excuse me if I call you so for the present," he added, turning to the younger man — "it's Mr. Hargrave's expressed wish to act in the whole of this business on the most liberal principles. Do I represent you correctly, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said the one whom the lawyer called Hargrave, in a tone of some impatience. "But we have no time to lose, Mr. Brent; the vessel of which Mr. Somers is mate sails this evening."

"She must sail without Mr. Somers, then, my dear sir; we cannot possibly spare him, now we have him. The law must lay an embargo on you, Mr. Somers. But we'll

make that all right," said the lawyer, as he saw signs of restlessness on the sailor's part. "I'll send down my clerk at once." He rang the bell, and gave his instructions to a squinting young man who answered it. "We'll serve a subpoena on you in due form in the course of the evening," he continued; "we could not part with you, sir, on any account; and, as I observed just now, you will be more than satisfied for any inconvenience. He knows of the reward, Mr. Hargrave?"

"I knows," said Somers, with a wave of his hand, perhaps implying that such things were not necessary to discuss between gentlemen — "I knows; but I'm not sure I'd ha' come here at all, but as he says he's a son of Dick Freeman's. I liked Dick."

"You witnessed the marriage of Richard Freeman — we'll call him so, you know — with Mary Gordon, in March 18 —?" said the lawyer, referring to some notes.

"Month o' March, was it? Well," he said, after some calculations of his own personal movements, "I pritty well think it was; leastways, when they were married, I saw the job done, that's sartain. And I promised Dick I'd remember it."

"At Ballarat, were they married?"

"Quite right," said Jack.

"There was a fire there, some two or three years after? The wooden church was burnt?"

"The whole town were burnt, as you may say."

"Then the registers were burnt. It's all right, it's all right," said the lawyer, eagerly; "that corresponds exactly with Furrirt's information. Capital fellow, Furrirt, never wrong. Mr. Somers, you're the man that has given us a deal of trouble — and expense; but we're very glad to see you. You're the 'missing link,' Mr. Somers, that we read about in the — in the —"

Mr. Brent was not sure it was in the Scriptures. In his natural exultation at having caught his witness, he was wandering out of the safe paths of law into the thorny thickets of literature; so he wisely pulled up with a cough which covered his retreat.

There was no doubt, however, that they had got the very man they had long been looking for, and that Mr. Furrirt, of the "Private Inquiry" Office, had done his work quite successfully. The particulars of the sailor's evidence were very soon committed to writing by Mr. Brent, read over, and duly signed with Jack Somers's mark.

"Most complete case," said the lawyer; "I don't suppose Sir Francis will go into court against it. We've got the marriage

certificate, the only surviving witness in person, the baptism certificates; in fact, there's not even a legal doubt. I propose to reopen negotiations with the other party at once. Compromises are against our interests, of course, but as an honest lawyer I always recommend them, especially in family cases, you know, Mr. Hargrave — especially in family cases, where feelings have to be considered. Mr. Somers will stay with you, or where we may easily find him, I conclude?"

Young Hargrave had drawn out his pocket-book, and had a bank-note in his hand.

"Here, Somers," he said, "there's the fifty I promised down. It's about the last of the lot, Mr. Brent," he added, with a half-bitter laugh. "They were hard got. I hope they won't be wasted."

"You hand this to me in trust for Mr. Somers," said Brent, looking significantly at the younger man, and arresting the note on the way across the table. "This is in part payment of the reward offered, and I am authorized to hand it over to Mr. Somers immediately on his evidence being given in court to the effect of this deposition?"

"You're a precious cunning old duffer, you are," said Jack Somers. "Suppose I says as I won't squeak till you hands me that over — eh? two can play at hold-fast, I'd have you remember. But if there's any slice o' luck coming to Dick Freeman's son, as I count there is from your talk, I arn't the man to balk him of it. You may keep the flimsy till I axes for it, lawyer; mind it don't stick to your fingers, though. And now, Mr. Hargrave, I'm getting dry."

Hargrave was considerably embarrassed what to do with his witness, now that he had caught him. He looked at his legal adviser in some dismay; but that gentleman, in no way offended by the sailor's uncomplimentary address, after quietly securing the note, recommended them both to a house in the immediate neighbourhood, where he assured them they would find every accommodation in the way of board and lodging. He called young Hargrave aside before they parted.

"I think, with all submission, Mr. Hargrave, I'd keep him within reach, though I don't think he's inclined to bolt; but safe's safe, you know. And I propose to go down myself to-morrow or next day to make a last offer to Messrs. Hunt, Sir Francis' people. They'll listen to reason now, if they are the wise men they pass for."

"I don't want hard terms, Mr. Brent, remember; I don't seem to make you understand the one thing I care for — estab-

lishing the marriage. I won't forego my rights in one way; but it's not a matter of money with me, remember that. I want no accounts of the estate, as you call them, or arrears of any kind. It's hard enough on him as it is."

"Pooh! he had enough of his mother's without the baronetcy. The Wanscote estates are not above half his income."

"So much the better. But I want no back-reckonings—let by-gones be by-gones."

"You really are the most unreasonably reasonable client that I ever fell in with in the course of my profession," said Mr Brent; "however, they can hardly fail to close at once with such terms as you insist on offering; except that your very liberality might seem, perhaps—we lawyers are suspicious, you will say—to imply a doubt of the strength of our case."

"You don't think there is any doubt?"

"Not a shadow. I'm risking a good deal on its validity, you know, Mr. Hargrave; if I don't call you 'Sir Richard,' it's merely that I don't wish to seem obtrusive."

"You don't risk much," said Hargrave, bluntly.

"Time and brains are money, sir. And the case, remember, was not so promising when our terms were made. I'm getting an old man, too, and your annuity won't have to run over many years."

"I'm not grudging you what I agreed to—not at all. We'll look in to-morrow, shall we?"

"Early, if you please—or rather, this evening. I'll get this, Mr. Somers's evidence into proper shape; and to-morrow, as I said, I shall go down to Wansford."

III.

WHEN Sir Francis Hargrave reached home, he found the medical report of the patient not wholly satisfactory. Evolved from the professional cloud in which the surgeon thought fit to wrap his information, the plain truth was that he feared some injury to the brain. The baronet was very urgent, first, that further advice should be had; and secondly, that the surgeon should not leave the house for the present: and when the first was pronounced wholly unnecessary, and the second all but impossible, seeing that there were cases in and about Wansford which were considered quite as interesting by the parties immediately concerned, Sir Francis reluctantly compromised matters by getting from him a promise to return that evening to the hall to dine and sleep. A *tele-a-tele* dinner with Mr. M'Farlane was rather a high price to pay as a re-

tainer for his services, no doubt; but in his present mood, the owner of Wanscote was inclined to be liberal.

"Rest and quiet are worth all the doctors in the world for the next four hours," said M'Farlane, honestly; "and I'll be with you at seven, if that case goes at all as it should."

He returned in due course, and pronounced his patient to be going on admirably; in fact, he found her comfortably asleep. The dinner passed—so well, that the surgeon, who had never dined at Wanscote before, even pronounced the baronet in his heart to be "not a bad fellow;" a large concession on his part, since he had imbibed the modern doctrine that peers and bishops and baronets, and suchlike, were utter anachronisms in an age of realities. He enjoyed his dinner and his wine none the less, rather the more; it was diverting some small part of capital to the interests of labour. He was leisurely sipping his coffee with the same pleasurable feeling, and Sir Francis had taken out his watch, and begun an apology about having letters to write which would oblige him to leave Mr. M'Farlane to amuse himself for an hour or so, when a message from Mrs. Hargrave summoned the surgeon upstairs.

The patient had awoken, at first apparently much revived, and perfectly sensible. She had asked with some natural surprise where she was, and when informed, had begged in a very excited manner to be allowed to see Miss Hargrave alone. The elder lady had humoured her, but had re-entered the room very soon on a slight excuse, entertaining a prudent suspicion that it might be desirable, for the patient's sake, to cut such an interview short, if she continued to betray excitement. The result seemed quite to justify the interruption; for she found her niece in a sad state of bewilderment. The girl was now insisting on getting up, and returning to what she called her home, after puzzling poor Lizzy with fresh entreaties for forgiveness for some imaginary wrong. Yet there was more than method in her madness, if it was such. She inquired anxiously whether her brother had caught his train to London, showing a perfect recollection of all the circumstances of his journey. They did not know at all how to deal with her, and Mr. M'Farlane was requested to give his advice.

The surgeon felt her pulse, and asked the ordinary questions.

"You think I am wandering, sir," said she. "I know I am not. I was shaken a good deal, but I am quite recovered now. I can walk to Wansford quite well, or you

can send something for me, as it is so late—but I cannot stay here. Pray, pray, don't keep me!"

"My dear young lady, you are in my hands, if you please. I'm absolute here—monarch of all I survey—and I can't allow you to leave this room to-night. But I'll do anything else for you, and I daresay you'll be well enough to go to-morrow. Can I write to any one for you, or do anything for you in Wansford? Would you like any of your friends sent for?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl, "if I only knew where to write to for him. I'm not sure of his address."

"Well, let it all alone till to-morrow; you'll be better then. I'll give you something now that will do you good."

He went out of the room with Miss Hargrave, leaving the elder lady still in attendance.

"She's got something on her mind," said he. "Her pulse is all right, and she's rational enough. The cut on the temple is quite superficial. It's on her mind, and she may worry herself ill. Perhaps she said something to you?"

Miss Hargrave hesitated. Her own idea had been that this strange girl had escaped from a lunatic asylum, but that her brother, or husband, or whatever he was, would hardly in that case have left her so uncereemoniously at the station. "She has been talking to me rather strangely," she replied; but she had a delicacy in repeating all that had passed.

"Well, we'll give her a composing draught to-night—quite innocent—but it's not a case for medicine. She's in trouble, poor thing."

There was a complaint called love, which admitted of all manner of complications, and for which there was no known remedy in the old or new pharmacopoeia—*nullis medicabilis herbis*, as Mr. McFarlane said when he found himself in classical company, quoting the Latin grammar of his boyhood. He had not the smallest doubt in his own mind that this was a virulent case of the disease, but he was not quite sure whether he could venture upon a joke on that subject with a baronet's sister. Was the young man whom she called her brother, any brother at all? Had they run away together, and had she or he repented? Well, he was not called upon to settle these questions. He went down to the drawing-room, but Sir Francis was still in his library, and Miss Hargrave soon pleaded fatigue and retired. So Mr. McFarlane, having had a long day's work and a good dinner, and never being over-fond of his own company,

wished himself good-night, and went off to bed.

There was nothing whatever to detain him the next morning. Beyond a trifling scar on the forehead, his patient was none the worse for the accident. Sir Francis begged him to call again; but it was not without remonstrance—he was very honest in his work—that he consented to look in the next day. The girl's excitement had considerably subsided, and the pain which Lizzy Hargrave showed whenever she talked of leaving the Hall without the surgeon's permission—which that young lady had privately begged him not to give—seemed to have overcome in some degree her reluctance to remain. Her protest grew more feeble, and the tears she shed now were rather those of gratitude to her kind hostesses than of distress.

Miss Hargrave was perhaps rather of an impulsive nature. She had been her brother's companion from her earliest years, and could hardly be said to have a friend of her own sex. It might be these circumstances, combined with a little love of patronage, which made her take so very decided a fancy to this stranger, moving apparently in so totally different a sphere from her own.

There was something specially attractive about the girl, too. She had not all the conventional manners of polished society, it was true; but she had been brought up, as Mrs. Hargrave soon gathered from her, in Australia—and the probable manners and customs of society there left a large margin for allowances. In gentleness and delicacy of feeling, which are the same in one continent as the other, the guest was the equal of her entertainers—in intelligence, certainly not their inferior.

"She is a very remarkable girl this Miss Freeman," said Mrs. Hargrave, after a long conversation in the drawing-room on the first occasion of her appearance there.

"She's a darling," said the more enthusiastic and less logical Lizzy. "What do you think, Francis?"

What the brother thought he did not say. He had said very little the last two days. But in the evening, when they were assembled again, the talk happened to turn on Australian scenery. A casual remark made by their young guest betrayed that she had some of the tastes, at least, of an artist. Water-colours were Sir Francis' passion, and he had a very fair share of skill in that accomplishment. He did what he could not always be induced to do to oblige his visitors—he went to the library, and produced a portfolio of rough but very clever

sketches. People were generally so stupid, as he said, pretending to admire what they knew nothing at all about. But it was not so this evening. The admiration of his new friend was very quiet and subdued; but the few remarks she made were quite enough, to the ear of the initiated, to betray a very considerable proficiency in the art.

"Oh! show her that pretty sketch you made for me of the two ponies," said Lizzy; "that's the best of all."

He turned over the portfolio, and found what she wanted. "It's a wretched thing, Lizzy, as I've often told you," he said, as he threw it out.

"I like the rougher sketches better," remarked Miss Freeman, quietly, after a glance at it; for she was evidently expected to say something.

"Exactly," said the baronet, turning it on its back—"you are quite right; I can't draw animals—I always wish I could. You are quite right—and honest. I daresay you can do a great deal better than these things."

"My father was considered to draw well," she replied; "and he took great pains with me—at one time; and I was very fond of it—that's all."

She seemed to speak under very great restraint, and Sir Francis, with the tact of a gentleman, soon put the drawings away. He tried to draw her into conversation on other subjects, but she became very silent, and soon asked leave to retire.

Sir Francis had obtained more particulars about his guest than the rest of his household were aware of. He had found out the widow with whom young Freeman and his sister had been lodging at Wansford for the last four or five days, and had perfectly satisfied himself as to their entire respectability, to say the least. He had also ascertained that the young man had been searching registers, and making very particular inquiries as to the Hargrave family. The advertisement which had caught his sister's eye had brought to his recollection an old report, to which his legal advisers gave no credence whatever, of a marriage contracted by a deceased uncle in Australia, and of a claim set up, or proposed to be set up, by the children of such marriage, to the baronetcy and the Wanscote estates. But this story had been set afloat a few months after his own succession to the estate, now fully three years ago, and the matter would hardly have been allowed to sleep so long had the claim rested on any plausible foundation. Richard Hargrave, an elder brother of Sir Francis' father, at a time when

his own prospects of succession seemed utterly remote, had gone off to the colonies (to the considerable relief of his relatives) and had died there. He had formed a discreditable connection in England before he left, and very probably the woman had followed him to Queensland, and passed herself off as his wife; but that he had any legitimate heirs was highly improbable. Were these Freemans the claimants? Sir Francis had even taken the trouble to call on his lawyers, and drawn their attention to the repetition of the old advertisement in the newspapers. Mr. Hunt, the shrewd old senior partner, laughed.

"It's old Brent at it again; I know by the address. He's getting money out of some poor devil, but he can have no case. Mr. Richard Hargrave had a natural son, no doubt—possibly two or three; but he never married that woman, unless it was within six months of his death. And that would be perfectly immaterial to us, you know, Sir Francis."

Mr. Hunt was the family adviser and friend of many years, and his voice was to the young baronet as the voice of an oracle. It was rather disagreeable, however, even this shadow of a claim; more especially if, as he began strongly to suspect, he had one of the claimants now in his house, connected with him by this new and singular obligation. He would like exceedingly to do something for this young man and his sister, and it would interfere very unpleasantly with his intentions if they or their advisers should be inclined to regard his offer in the light of a bribe or a compromise. The baronet was in a very uncomfortable state of mind altogether—a fact which did not entirely escape his aunt's observation. He treated his reluctant guest with scrupulous kindness and attention, but he left her entertainment almost entirely in the hands of his sister and Mrs. Hargrave. Miss Freeman had so far yielded to that lady's arguments as to consent to remain at Wanscote until her brother returned from London; and Sir Francis had left instructions at Wansford that the latter, on his arrival, should be fully informed of his sister's whereabouts, and the circumstances which had brought her to Wanscote; or that any communication received from him should be forwarded to the Hall at once by special messenger.

"You pain us all considerably, Miss Freeman," he said to her, on almost the only occasion they happened to be left alone, "by your extreme eagerness to leave us; but you have the right, and we submit."

"I am very sorry to seem so ungrateful — indeed I am."

"Nay, excuse me, it is not a question of gratitude on your part; and that's just what I can't understand. Philosophers tell us (and I am cynic enough to believe) that people hate the sight of those who have laid them under an obligation; so that if I were anxious to get rid of you, it would be all in accordance with our delightful human nature. But when a man has done another a real service, it is said he feels kindly disposed to him — feels a sort of property in him, you see — ever afterwards. I suppose the rule don't apply to a woman."

It was difficult to say whether he spoke more in jest than in earnest, though it was with a laugh of badinage that he uttered the words, and he looked out of the window as he spoke. She made no immediate reply; and when he turned round he felt sure she was in tears, though she held her face down close over some pretence of work which Lizzy had found for her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, gently — "really I beg your pardon; there is something I do not understand about it all, I see. I am very unlucky. I won't say anything more on the subject. When you get back to your own friends, perhaps you will so far forgive me as to let me know if there is any possible way in which I can further your brother's views in life. I owe him nothing, you know," he added, laughing, "so perhaps he won't be proud; indeed, I did something for him."

"Oh! you have all been most kind to us from the first — that makes it so — so —"

"So very disagreeable?"

She was only a girl of nineteen, though her self-dependent life had given her much of the experience of a woman; and the absurdity of the conclusion made her laugh, just a little laugh, in spite of her real distress. It was the first time she had done more than smile.

He came nearer to her, and spoke earnestly and quietly enough.

"Is it because we are rich and you are poor, that you should be too proud to accept our gratitude? Is that quite as it should be?"

"No," said the Australian, looking him full in the face for a moment — "no, it's not that, Sir Francis; I've seen men living like princes one week and beggars the next. I don't think very much of money. I've known what it is to want it, too — a want I suppose you cannot even understand. But money's a miserable thing — a miserable thing, I mean, for people to quarrel about."

He thought he began partly to understand her; but Mrs. Hargrave came into the room at the moment, and he went out for his morning's ride. When he returned to luncheon he found his aunt waiting for him.

"This young thing's brother's come, and he's in the library — a rather impetuous young man, it seems to me. He wishes to see you before he takes his sister home; so if you were to go to him at once it might perhaps be as well."

Sir Francis found his visitor awaiting him; Miss Freeman was with him, but left the library as he entered. He put out his hand frankly; the young man had the bearing of a gentleman, and was in a more presentable costume than when they had last met.

"Mr. Freeman, I think? though our last meeting was rather a hurried one."

The young man bowed. "I have to thank you, Sir Francis Hargrave, as I have only lately learnt, for your great politeness — kindness I should say — to a stranger. I do thank you — though I could almost wish that kindness had not been done. Still more I thank you for your goodness to my sister."

Sir Francis interrupted him. "You have been misinformed entirely, Mr. Freeman. I am the person to offer thanks, if thanks could repay or were desired. To Miss Freeman's bravery, under God's providence, I owe it that I am here alive."

"Pooh! the girl put out her hand, she tells me, as any one would, and you caught it. There is no obligation. We don't think much of such things where we came from. And most of you English gentlemen, I take it, would have sent a poor girl home with a ten-pound note, perhaps, to pay the doctor, and called next day. You have dealt with her as if she were one of your own, she tells me; and I say again, I thank you for it."

He spoke somewhat roughly, but there was heart in his tone and words.

Again Sir Francis warmly disclaimed the other's interpretation.

"I say," he continued, "you and yours have treated my sister as if she were one of your own blood. You were right, sir — she is a Hargrave by birth and name."

"Indeed!" said the baronet. He saw now pretty well what was coming.

"I am come on an unpleasant errand, and I want to get it done. My name is Richard Hargrave, son of Richard Hargrave, your father's elder brother."

Sir Francis bowed. "You claim to be his lawful heir?"

"I do. Not exactly in the sense you

put it, however. I came to England to make out my right to this baronetcy, and this place, I suppose," said he looking round him; "but more than all, I had a fancy to prove I was not the bastard your lawyers chose to call me. I have done it, sir. I have full proof—your lawyers have admitted it—of my mother's marriage, and my own legitimacy. But I offer you terms—fair terms, I think. Acknowledge me as my father's son; give me enough for a fair start in the new country—it suits me better than the old; buy me a farm, and stock it—I leave it to you; and I'll never trouble you about the title or the estates."

Sir Francis smiled and shook his head as the other ran on.

"I know what you think—you think the claim's a bad one, or you think I'm a fool. Perhaps I am that last; my lawyer tells me so, however. But I can see the loss to you will be far greater than the gain to me; you were brought up to this sort of thing, you see, and I wasn't. Nor I don't altogether hold with your primogeniture laws. I don't see why my father should have had all the estate, just because he happened to be born a year or two before yours. And a handle to a man's name is no great use in a new country. And the long and short of it all is this: it's more than likely I might not have made my case so clear but for your help; and I think I should expect this old house to fall down and smother me if I turned you out of it."

"My good sir," said the baronet, as soon as he could get room for a word, "these things are all best left to our lawyers. No doubt you are well advised, but we won't discuss it here."

"Look here," said the other, producing a small packet, and, after hastily unfolding it, throwing it on the library table; "there are my proofs. Show them to your lawyers, if you will. I quarrelled with mine this morning before I could get them from him. Or you and I could settle it. Read them, and if I'm wrong, I'm wrong. If not, you'll do what I ask of you, and you may keep them, if you will."

"Pardon me, sir," said Sir Francis, somewhat haughtily; "I dispute your claim because I believe it to be unfounded, but you mistake me if you suppose I would keep or take what was not my own." And he pushed the papers back to their owner.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Hunt, Sir Francis, wishes to see you."

"Show him in."

The staid man of business would have

started, but that he never allowed himself such an indiscretion, when he saw the visitor with whom the baronet was closeted.

"I came, Sir Francis——"

"You came just when you were wanted, Hunt. Mr. Freeman wants me to act as my own lawyer, and his too, I believe—a responsibility which I decline."

"What is it, Sir Francis?" said the lawyer, taking a seat—he was quite at home in that house; "what is it?"

Sir Francis shortly explained the claim, and the proposal which had been laid before him.

"This young gentleman was so good as to show me these papers this morning," said the lawyer. "I glanced at them at his special request, though, as I told him, it was quite out of the course of business."

"And you admitted these certificates were all right," said the Australian.

"I told you I saw no reason to doubt that they were genuine," said the lawyer. "Of your own baptism certificate, indeed, we have a copy in our office, and the existence of the marriage I always thought very possible."

Sir Francis Hargrave could not check a half-exclamation of surprise. Mr. Hunt, however, was perfectly composed.

"I also told you, if you will be good enough to remember, that we had a complete answer to the case. A certificate of baptism, sir, is unfortunately no evidence as to birth. I did not expect to find you here, but I can have no objection to show you what I brought to show Sir Francis, as soon as we heard of the revival of this claim. Here is the registrar's certificate of the birth of one Richard Hargrave Gordon, son of Mary Gordon, single woman, of Wansford, in 18—. (Just one year previous to the marriage at Ballarat, you will find.) And I have this morning, since you called on me, seen the woman Lester—you remember, Sir Francis—who is prepared to give evidence of the birth."

"I don't want to enter into any particulars that might be painful to you," continued the lawyer to the young man, who stood silent and perturbed, and had turned very pale, with one hand laid heavily on the library table; "but the subsequent baptism of a Richard Hargrave by the chaplain of the Nemesis at Geelong is, you see, quite compatible with his birth as Richard Gordon two years before. That you were aware of this I do not for a moment assume," he added, hastily, as the other made a sudden exclamation.

"Mr. Freeman," interposed the baronet, "you made me a proposition just now in

the way of compromise; it was a handsome one. I accept it. Name the locality where you would wish to settle, and Mr. Hunt has my instructions at once to —

"No!" shouted the Australian; "I wanted justice, not charity. No, Sir Francis Hargrave—I beg your pardon, I ought to thank you, but I'm taken aback; you've rather knocked me down, you see. Your tale's all right, I daresay; it's what I've heard before at times, when my mother was in a passion with me. Let me see the paper. And this isn't worth a rush," said he, taking up the marriage certificate. He tore it passionately in two, and threw it on the floor.

"Stay, sir," said Hunt, quickly picking it up; "young men are hasty. That paper concerns others besides yourself. You have a sister: unless I much mistake, that proves her the legitimate daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hargrave."

"Ah," said Sir Francis, with considerable interest; "there seems some complication in this case, Mr. — Hargrave. I say again, I accept your first proposal; it will be fair enough for us both, and less than you thought your just claim."

"No," said the new claimant; "I'll go back to the diggings. I'm young enough to make a fortune yet, and I won't spend it on lawyers, you may be sure."

Sir Francis Hargrave walked round the room, and laid his hand on his cousin's shoulder.

"Richard Hargrave," said he, "we are blood relations. Your sister has saved my life. Let me do a kinsman's part by you. — Mr. Hunt, kindly leave us to have a talk together. Come back to dinner, will you? and we'll have some of your sound advice then."

"I'll give some now, gratis," said the old lawyer. "Don't throw away friends, young man; they are not picked up so easily as gold is." Then he bowed and took his leave.

Sir Francis followed him civilly to the door, and closed it carefully after him. The young Australian stood silently looking at the torn certificate, which Mr. Hunt had laid on the table.

"You must take your own course as to your future life," said the baronet. "I will say no more now on that head, except that I sincerely feel for your disappointment, and I shall always remember the generous proposal you made to me. But in this at least you will indulge me—be my guest for a few days."

The other shook his head.

"You owe me a kindness," said the baronet. "I have a selfish and personal reason for what I ask."

He gave way, though with evident reluctance. Grasping his hand, Sir Francis thanked him warmly; then he took him at once to his sister, and left them together. It was not long, however, before Lizzy Hargrave interrupted them. Her brother had told her at least enough of the state of the case to let her into the secret that she and Madeline Hargrave were first cousins, and that he very earnestly desired that they should be good friends. Mr. Hunt's presence at the dinner-table saved, perhaps, some embarrassment to all parties; and before he left, late in the evening, the young Australian's scruples had been in a great measure removed. His sister, it was plain, was considered no intruder in the family; and for her sake he was content to remain a week as a guest at Wanscote. Sir Francis' quiet kindness won the young man's heart before that week was over; he had known most of the rougher side of life hitherto. He went with the baronet to London, and in another month he sailed to take possession of one of the best "runs" in Victoria.

But his sister Madeline only accompanied him as far as the steamer which carried him out; and she returned to Wanscote as Lady Hargrave.

To thee, who bending o'er my table's rim,
Has marked these measures flow, these pages
brim;

Who, linked for ever to a lettered life,
Hast drawn the dubious lot of scholar's wife;
Kept hushed about my desk, nor grudged me
still

The long, dull, ceaseless rustling of my quill;
Content to guide the house, the child to teach,
And hail my fitful interlude of speech;
Or bid the bald disjointed tale rehearse;

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIV. 577

Or drink harsh numbers mellowing into verse;
Who still mid cares sedate, in sorrow brave,
Hast for me borne the light, and with me shared
the grave;

And grown from soft to strong, from fair to
sage,

Flower of my youth, and jewel of my age:—
To thee these lays I bring with joy, with pride,—
Sure of thy suffrage, if of none beside.

DR. CHARLES MERIVALE.

BOOK XIII. CHAPTER I.

OBLITERATED TRACES.

THE gardeners raked smooth the foot-paths: they bound up the down-trodden shrubs again, removing the broken ones. Even the grooms assisted to-day in the garden, while up in the house the glaziers were already busy, putting in new squares of plate-glass. When the gentlemen and ladies wake up, they shall see as little as possible of last night's tumult.

No one in the whole house awoke until the morning was far spent. Even Manna was not visible. Perhaps this was the first time in her life that she had omitted going to church. The night's experience had been hard for her to bear; for when, after the riot, she came to her mother, the latter kept crying out, —

"They will tar and feather him! They will tar and feather him! Oh! why did he go among our enemies?"

Her mother put her fingers in her ears; and when Manna tried to describe how the Professorin had appeared as a rescuing angel, Frau Ceres broke into loud laughter.

"Yes, indeed! Europeans allow old women to tame them!"

Manna was silent, and buried her face in her hands. She had heard this riot long beforehand in spirit; and, as she stood on the steps, she had felt that all this had previously been made known to her in dreams, and that it would vanish like a dream.

Then, remembering her love, she realized that life cannot be sacrificed to another as an expiation, but that it can be exalted for another's sake. Once again horror seized upon her soul. She heard the voices of hell, and a hell opened within her. Hast thou sinned in proving faithless? Would every thing have been better, would the dreadful thing not have happened, if thou hadst remained true? Who knows whether, through some secret working, every thing did not become publicly known in the capital in the very hour of thy perfidy?

She wished to make her thoughts like those of the martyrs, who endured stoning with bowed heads; but, in the midst of this violent soul-torment, she only saw Eric's image again; and rising, as though he had called her, she felt as if his hand were laid upon her head.

Thus had Manna returned to her room, full of fear, and yet rising again as upon a wave of happiness: and thus she slept far into the day, hearing nothing of the voice of the bell which called her, and with no suspicion

of what was now being said about her; for not far from the church stood Pranken with Fräulein Perini.

Ever since his return from town, Pranken had felt a fresh irritation, which directed itself more and more against Eric; and, at the arrival of Prince Valerian, he was highly incensed on observing how every one went instantly to Eric's chamber, as though Eric were the centre of the house. "This shall be changed," he said to himself. "This teacher must find out who he is." By reason of the riot, however, this teacher's family had again become conspicuous; the pitiful canaille having allowed themselves to be soothed by an old woman.

Pranken had walked furiously through the park, and finally took the road leading to the church. Here on this road, now, on this morning, he would bring Manna to a decision; then he would have his own way with the house, and discharge the teacher's family. He waited long; but Manna did not come. At last, seeing Fräulein Perini alone, he greeted her, and asked where Manna was, and whether she was well.

"Why don't you ask after my health?" replied she somewhat tartly. "I have something of great importance to impart to you; but you do not seem to think it worth while to trouble yourself about me."

"Indeed I do; but you should reflect" —

"I do reflect that you ought to reflect that I too have an existence. However, I have something of great importance to impart to you."

"Oh! please, you were always so kind" —

"Yes, yes, only too kind; but you forget me too quickly. Well, then, what would you do if you were told that that arrogant tutor aspired to win the hand of your betrothed?"

Fräulein Perini laughed, and Pranken was frightened, terrified. He had never heard her laugh so; and now she laughed in exactly the same tone, and made precisely the same bending of the neck, as little Nelly. How ridiculous, how inconceivable, that she should occur to his mind at this juncture!

"You seem in a very good humor after the riot," said he, trying to appear jocose. "You must tell me the rest after church: the third bell is just ringing."

"Oh, no! I can neglect church for this matter. A work of mercy absolves" —

"A work of mercy?"

"Yes."

And now Fräulein Perini told how she had seen Manna coming out of Eric's room;

and how every thing had evidently been arranged in the green cottage, and was now settled; also how the maid-servant of the green cottage had even said that Manna had taken with her the marriage-contract, which had been drawn up in the library.

Pranken shook his head incredulously. Fräulein Perini, however, stung him again by asking whether he would promise, in case he came into possession of Manna and of all her property, to consecrate the Villa as a convent. He shrugged his shoulders; and the look came again into Fräulein Perini's eyes, which she had once given to Bella after she had turned away. She stung and irritated Pranken; for she saw that he still despised her, and she wished to ruin him. He must promise her, that, if the affair proved inevitable, he would challenge this Herr Dournay, and shoot him if possible.

Pranken looked bewildered. Again an old memory arose within him; at the time that he had travelled with Eric to Wolfsgarten, he had seen this as in a vision. Must it then take place? He demurred, he hung back; he said that then he should certainly lose Manna. If he fell, then all would naturally be over. If he killed Eric, Manna would never become the wife of a man who had killed another on her account.

Fräulein Perini cast down her eyes, in order to hide her malicious smile. Things were now taking exactly the turn she had wished; Manna should lose them both, and find in the convent her only refuge.

They had talked so long that church was over, and as the clergyman came out, Fräulein Perini went with him, and Pranken turned back towards the Villa. He met the Doctor and Eric, walking together and engaged in earnest conversation.

The Doctor was in as good spirits as ever, and was expounding to Eric how the fresh must, which is so joyously drunk and which tastes so deliciously, is, according to the assertion of old people, a real cure, building the whole body anew, so that it is taken both for enjoyment and for the health. "Thus the crisis caused by the intoxication of the new wine is really good. So it is with this riot. It has been beneficial in many ways. The anger of the inhabitants of the neighborhood has exceeded all reasonable bounds, and has thus lost all pretension of justice. On this side there is nothing more to be feared. But even in the house itself it is clear that life will henceforth be more vigorous. That they are all sleeping is a good sign."

They met the Cooper, and the Doctor

would hear the whole story over again, growing very merry over the account of the effect produced in the park by the fire-engine and the water-works. The Cooper narrated how the engine had been quickly made ready, as Herr Sonnenkamp had presented it with the very best hose.

They soon met a group of men, delegates sent by the different communities to assure Herr Sonnenkamp of their readiness to protect him in any emergency, if he would only abstain from bringing an action for what had occurred.

The Doctor begged the men to come back on Sunday, saying that he would previously inform Herr Sonnenkamp.

He turned back with Eric, and they were not a little surprised at finding the Professorin already on the terrace with Manna. The Doctor joked very merrily over the genius of accident, which could accomplish more than all science. He declared the Professorin to be entirely cured. The Professorin had recovered the best part of herself, namely, her calmness, her courage, and the steadfast firmness of her character, and she said, —

"There is a wonderful power of healing in being at one with the great common heart. That which all men know is no longer so heavy and horrible; the hardest part of a criminal's fate must be the feeling of isolation, of separation; in the midst of all society he must feel like a secluded prisoner, for he has something locked and hidden within himself, which no one else must know of."

As soon as the Professorin could transpose an event and its consequences into the sphere of abstract thought, it seemed no longer to weigh upon her. Above all she exhorted her son not to take it for granted that something must be instantly done, saying that it was of the first importance to keep still.

The Doctor, on inquiring whether the Countess Bella had not been there as yet, was told that she had spoken with none of the inhabitants of the Villa, except Herr Sonnenkamp.

"If I am not much mistaken," said the doctor, "Countess Bella will henceforth feel an especial sympathy with the bold Herr Sonnenkamp. It corresponds with her nature, which defies the world and inclines to whatever is exceptional and extreme."

The Professorin, although Bella had deeply wounded her, endeavored to correct the doctor's opinion.

Eric was silent; he was amazed at the

persistence with which the physician pursued and explained the Countess's peculiar nature.

The Doctor sent to ask Sonnenkamp whether he wished to speak with him. The reply was, that he would like to have him first visit Frau Ceres.

"How do I look?"

Sonnenkamp had put this question to Joseph, his valet, before rising; indeed, on first awaking.

"As usual, sir."

He asked for a hand-glass, then giving it again to the servant, lay back among the pillows with closed eyes. He must have had the strange idea that the emotions of the past night could be read upon his features. It was long ere he left his chamber. He had told Joseph that he wished to be alone. He heard the raking of the paths, outside, and the steps of men going to and fro. He would wait until the traces of devastation without were removed, as far as possible; he would wait until he was able to obliterate the traces left within him by this experience. He sat long alone; only his favorite dog was with him. His heavy head weighed him down like a cannon ball; yet he repeated to himself,—

"I must recover my composure; for I alone can help myself."

"Thou alone?" he asked again, and his thoughts passed to Bella. There is a woman such as he has never found before. There is courage, power, genius. But in what can even she help him? Nothing. No one.

Then, laying his hand on the dog's head, he thought: "Two bugbears are the worst enemies we have in the world,—fear before the deed, and repentance after it. With these quackeries we squander our existence. He alone is free who fears no future and ruins no past."

"I will be free!" cried he.

"I am so within myself; but where will freedom be allowed me? I must go back to America. No, to Italy, to Paris, to new surroundings."

But the children, the children! They are filled with thoughts which take from them home and parents. Thy best course, after all, is to remain here, to despise mankind, whose hatred will gradually be blunted. Perhaps, too, there may be found some means of appeasing their wrath, which will have a penitent aspect. Was it the Professorin, or I myself, who spoke yesterday of a jury? That's the thing! Come on, World! I am myself again, and nothing else.

High above all these recent occurrences arose again in him the hatred of Crutius.

"How he is now rubbing his hands in his

editorial office, where the little gas-jet burns! How he will rejoice at the signal-rocket which has roused the masses! How the riot will figure in the newspapers!"

He now rang, and, sending for Eric, reminded him how he had formerly publicly exalted the gratitude and good manners of the people. Now, he said with a laugh, he must also properly expose their misbehavior; he must, anticipating all other reports, describe the whole thing naturally as an extravagance inspired by the new and effervescent wine. At the close, he must add that Herr Sonnenkamp (for that was his name, lawfully derived from the maternal side of the house) would do something which should correct and satisfy public opinion.

He thought Eric pedantic, for wishing to know at once whether any thing was to be done.

What's the use?

We show the public something prospective; but it is not necessary that this should be brought to pass; men forget what has been promised them.

This he wished to say to Eric, but withheld it, merely telling him that he might let the whole thing alone if he chose.

Just as Eric had left the room, came the dog-keeper, exclaiming,—

"Oh, sir, she is poisoned!"

"Who is poisoned?"

"The good beastie, Nora; in the night, during the riot, the shameful men gave her something, apparently a toadstool roasted in grease. She is dying now."

"Where is she?"

"Before the kennel."

Sonnenkamp went with the keeper to the enclosure where the dogs were. There lay Nora, with her loosened chain beside her.

"Nora!" he cried.

The dog wagged its tail once more, raised its head, and blinked. Then the head fell, and she was dead.

The glance of the beast was piteous. Sonnenkamp seemed to wish to torture himself with gazing at her.

"Bury the dog before Roland sees her, he said at last.

"Where shall we bury her?"

Yonder, by the ash. But first skin her: the hide is worth something.

"No, sir, I cannot: I loved the dog too well to skin it."

"Very well. Then bury it skin and all."

He turned away and wandered about the garden; yet he could not refrain from returning to the spot where the dog was being buried.

"Yes," he said aloud to himself: "that's

the way. The world gives us a toadstool roasted in fat. The world is a toadstool roasted in fat—palatable, but poisonous!"

He returned to the house.

The other dogs were howling quite frightfully, as though they knew that one of their comrades had departed.

CHAPTER II.

TWELVE MEN.

Pranken, who remained true to Sonnenkamp, was often full of solicitude. At times he looked very strangely at his friends, but did not give utterance to his projects. Sonnenkamp knew that something was going on. He knew through Lootz that Pranken had several times received letters with large seals, one bearing the seal of the Court-Marshal's office, another that of the Ministry of State. He would have liked to ask him whether negotiations were pending, with a view to the attainment of the longed-for dignity. He looked at him inquiringly; but Pranken remained reticent. Sonnenkamp even pressed him not to disdain his assistance, saying that he was wise in some things, even though he had acted imprudently.

Pranken said that there were things which he must decide for himself, and which he hoped to put through successfully. He hinted that the world, even the little world of the city, was made up of different factions.

As he condescended to say no more, Sonnenkamp resolved to have recourse to an old method, and one which could here be very easily employed. He would obtain by theft, through the agency of Lootz, the letters which Pranken had received. He rejected this course, however. Yet once, when Pranken had ridden in haste to the railway station, just after he had received another large letter, he went toward his room. He would have no go-between. He could surely get possession of the letters, and Pranken was no doubt careless enough to render unnecessary breaking open any locks or picking them.

In a sudden attack of loyalty, however, he turned away from the threshold.

Pranken returned, bringing the news that he was in danger; but earnestly begged to be excused from giving any particulars.

Sonnenkamp embraced the excited young man, and made him promise not to engage in any duel without his knowledge.

Reluctantly Pranken gave him his hand upon this, and departed.

While Eric was yet at his mother's, Son-

nenkamp came thither with a letter in his hand. He first expressed his joy at seeing the Professorin so full of new life; then, saying that he had a letter from her friend, he handed her one written by Professor Einsiedel, and added with a smile:

"These learned gentlemen have very good memories. I had forgotten having invited the man."

The Professorin read Einsiedel's letter, in which he said that he should not be lecturing next winter, and was ready to accept Sonnenkamp's invitation, and to take up his abode for some time at Villa Eden.

As the Professorin smilingly gave back the letter, a gleam of furtive triumph shot from Sonnenkamp's eyes. Then this new specimen of humanity, this puritanic infidel, has her own private affinity. Perhaps she felt the malicious glance; for she said, in a very decided manner, —

"I should be very glad to have the noble man come to us. His visit would be a great deal to me, and, perhaps, to others also. In the first place, I know of nothing better for Roland; for you, Eric, are so entirely accustomed to him, that you do not now offer him that support which he, perhaps, may need for a long time yet."

Sonnenkamp's countenance relaxed. It was nothing after all. This woman seemed in truth noble and pure; for she was not so prudent, no one could be so prudent, as to assume forthwith such a mask of virtue. He was not a little astonished, however, when Eric, with all sorts of excuses and pretexts, gave it as his opinion that it was not wise to transport the Professor's delicately organized nature at this time into their stormy life.

Just because Eric sought so earnestly to defend himself against such a suspicion, it became clearer to Sonnenkamp that he did not feel justified in bringing any new person into close relations with his family.

Inwardly chafing, but yet smiling with an excess of friendliness, he said that he would invite the Professor, and would leave him free to stay either at the green cottage or at the villa.

The mother gave her voice for the former.

Sonnenkamp nodded very approvingly. He summoned a servant, and ordered that no one should interrupt them. Then, addressing both, he said that he had something momentous to discuss with them; that it was a step which concerned his inmost soul, and which alone could make him wholly free.

Eric and his mother trembled. Did Sonnenkamp already know? He, meanwhile, seated himself calmly and began:

"Noble lady, you have done a great thing for me, and now I commit into your hands, and your keeping, my fate and that of those who belong to me."

He made a pause and then proceeded:

"From out of the midst of the riot one thought has remained with me. It was of sudden birth; and now the question is, how to carry it out. Already on Sunday, when I was going to church, where the beggar insulted me, it was my intention"—

"Pray, do not forget what you were going to say," interposed the Professorin. "Permit me to interrupt you with a question."

"Go on. I am ready."

"Does the source of all your wealth lie in that?"

"No, not a sixth of it. Even my enemies know that."

"Then please proceed. You had begun, 'as you were going to church.'"—

"Yes, then it was my intention, in spite of my unbelief, to confess to a priest. I acknowledge, Herr von Pranken was not without influence in this matter; but it originated, nevertheless, with me. This institution of the confession in our church is a grand thing. Offences for which no earthly judge can punish, for which no clause is to be found in the law, are blotted out; we are absolved from them by a man filled with the divine grace by consecration, sympathetic, considerate, who neither knows nor sees the penitent, yet who hears the breath of his quivering confession; who is so far from him, and yet so near!

The Mother looked down.

"Wonderful and ever new, how the man can speak of such acts!" she thought.

Sonnenkamp felt what the lady thought of him, and exclaimed,—

"Look me in the face! Yes, noble lady, you hindered the execution of my purpose."

"I?"

"Yes, you; for, thinking better of it, I said to myself that I would tell you all, gazing at your open face, and that you had the power to absolve and to blot out; but no, you, too, have it not."

The Professorin breathed more freely.

Sonnenkamp continued,—

"You once let fall the word—I know not whether you spoke it or I—but it was uttered, and so it stands. 'In the new world, where the laws are not yet so firmly established, they summon a jury of neighbors.' I wish to summon a jury of free men, before whom I will stand openly. They shall judge me freely. I wish to unite trial by jury with confession, and I vow to fulfil what these men shall enjoin upon me as a

means of expiation. Having returned to Europe, I owe the European world either a deed of atonement, or else the endeavor to convert it. Do you comprehend my meaning?"

"Perfectly. There must be something redeeming, in submission to the verdict of an assemblage of free men."

"I see that you understand me fully," said Sonnenkamp with great serenity. "And now give me your advice. Whom do you propose as members of this moral jury, as we may call it? In the first place, I must refuse Herr von Pranken. He is my son, and cannot be my judge."

"I should not be able to name any one without reflection. Please—I am yet too weak. This deliberation, this seeking, this thought-travelling, causes me physical pain."

"Then calm yourself. Herr Dournay, you have heard all—Have you, though?" he repeated, on observing Eric's abstracted glance.

"Yes, indeed, every thing."

"And now, whom would you propose?"

"First of all, the most sensible of men has to-day himself announced his arrival."

"Well, well, I accept him. And then?"

"Herr Weidmann."

"Weidmann? He is the uncle of my most bitter enemy."

"But on that very account he will be just."

"He was an abettor in the production of Herr Crutius' newspaper article."

"From that imputation he is cleared. He charged Prince Valerian expressly to tell you that he disapproved of Herr Crutius' conduct throughout."

"And even if Herr Weidmann were your enemy," put in the Professorin: "it is just your enemies whom you must seek to conciliate."

"You are a wonderful woman: you shall have your way. You shall see how thoroughly in earnest I am. So, then, Herr Weidmann; and who else?"

"Count Wolfsgarten."

"Accepted without opposition. Go on!"

"The Justice."

"Also accepted."

"Then I should like to plead for a man whom you, perhaps"—

"Only speak out plainly. Who is it?" cried Sonnenkamp impatiently.

"The field-guard."

"The field-guard?" laughed Sonnenkamp. "For all I care! And I give you the Doctor at once, into the bargain. But now, Herr Dournay, set about it at once: the business must be begun immediately."

"Who will remain with Roland meanwhile?" Eric would have asked, but restrained himself, in obedience to a sign from his mother, who seemed to have divined the question he would fain have asked. She nodded. "You can leave Roland and Manna to me," she seemed to say.

"You have entirely forgotten our good Major," she said aloud, in a cheerful tone.

"Because he is understood as a matter of course, and also the Priest," replied Sonnenkamp.

Eric named, besides, Prince Valerian, the Banker, and Knopf. The number was full.

Sonnenkamp urged that not an hour should be lost, and Eric ordered a horse saddled.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAND OF RECONCILIATION IS NOT GRASPED.

BEFORE Eric started, Manna came to him, saying that she must immediately go to the convent; that she thought it her duty, above all, to confess the truth there, and that she did not wish to postpone anything so difficult, but to undertake it at once.

Eric was perplexed. Why should Manna wish to re-enter the convent? He soon recognized in this desire, however, the impulse to do something, not to remain in inactivity; and, moreover, the manner in which she sought to sever the old ties in peace was thoroughly noble: so he merely said, —

"Only do not forget that you are no longer justified in imposing castigations and mortifications upon yourself, or in allowing them to be enjoined upon you by others; for you no longer belong to yourself, Manna, you are mine: you must neither torture my Manna, nor allow others to torture her."

Manna looked at him with beaming eyes, and from out of all her tribulation sounded a serene voice, as she said, —

"It was through you, Eric, that I came to this resolution."

"Through me?"

"Yes. You told me how much good it did you, when one of your comrades, after you had taken leave of him, came to you and said, 'Do not think hardly of me if I ignore you. You could not do otherwise; and I neither can nor dare do otherwise.' I am going to imitate you and your comrade. The souls of those in the convent shall not be burdened with my desertion, which they must consider as apostasy."

Manna wished that Aunt Claudine should accompany her; but Eric thought it more fitting that she should travel with Roland. The brother and sister would thus be alone together, out in the world; and Roland would have to protect his sister, to render her services which would lift him out of his state of dead dejection, out of his heavy, monotonous sorrow.

"You can scarcely imagine how happy it makes me to let you command me," said Manna, as Eric arranged every thing.

Roland agreed at once.

"But you must ask your parents' leave," was the next order; and the children felt painfully that this was but a form: every thing was torn asunder and rent to shreds; all obedience and all dependence.

"Manna, now is the time," said Roland, in great agitation.

"For what?"

"You ask father; perhaps he will tell you whether we have no blood-relations in Europe. Whoever they may be, they ought to come to us now. It is hard enough that we have never troubled ourselves about them."

Manna looked imploringly up to Eric, who, rightly discerning in the youth the instinctive longing for family ties, begged them to abstain from urging the matter for the present, saying that the time for it would come by and by.

Manna went to her father, and said that she wished to go to the convent.

Sonnenkamp was alarmed, but quickly regained his composure on Manna's adding that she went thither for the last time, in order to bid farewell forever, as she had decided never to become a nun.

In spite of all its distortion, a gleam of triumphant satisfaction lighted up Sonnenkamp's face.

"Do you see at last? They knew — I now have certain evidence that they knew — what money, and in what manner earned, you brought them. Did they ever say a word to you about being unable to accept it?"

Manna avoided this view of the question. She would gladly have confessed all to her father at once, but had not yet the courage. Moreover, she had promised Eric to follow his guidance implicitly.

The weather was foggy and cold, as the brother and sister, and Fraulein Perini, went down the river: yet the journey refreshed them, for Roland said after a short time, —

"Ah! There is a world outside after all!"

Towards noon, the sun pierced through the mist, which melted away, and every thing became suddenly bright. The vessel steamed

down the stream, shooting rapidly along over the clear water, between the sun-illuminated mountains, on which, here and there, harvests were still being gathered.

The passengers stood or walked on deck, enjoying the wide prospect; but below in the cabin, lay Manna, with closed eyes, not heeding Fräulein Perini's injunction to come up and refresh herself with the view and the free air, only begging to be left alone. And so she lay and thought, half dreaming, half awake, of all that had happened to her and hers. How utterly different it was when she went up the river, with Roland, last spring! Eric's warning came into her mind, how wealth, and the ease with which it enables one to make disposition of external means and of those who serve, seduce us into healing ourselves with amusements and outward remedies.

This reproach did not now trouble her: she only wished to part peacefully from a Past, under obligations contracted in her soul to the friendly souls there, which she wished to fulfil, even though outwardly separating herself from them. Her soul lay bound by obligations to the women yonder: she wanted to take care to be truly comprehended, even though she was outwardly cutting herself off from them.

The difference of faith between Eric and herself again arose before her. But what course remained to her? To become untrue there to the pious sisters, or here to Eric; but no, that was no longer possible. She hoped that the great soul of the Superior would give her calmness; and thus she lay, sunk in a half-slumber during the whole trip.

On deck, Fräulein Perini was glad, on the whole, that Manna had remained unseen; for here and there among the passengers Sonnenkamp was mentioned, and the report was, that the Prince's negro had lifted him up with both hands, and had carried him, struggling, down the staircase, until he was set at liberty by the servants, who brought him to the carriage. An agent, whom Fräulein Perini knew, was already wondering who would buy the Villa, for it was absolutely certain that the man would not remain there.

In the forward cabin, where Lootz had ensconced himself, he was obliged to hear the fruiterers who were carrying to the Lower Rhine the fruit which they had brought from Sonnenkamp's head-gardener, saying one to another, that they would not be willing to take a mouthful of fruit cultivated by this man. They granted him the merit, however, of having done much toward the

introduction of a species of apples which grew easily and bore well.

At the last stopping-place but one before the Island Cloister, two black-robed nuns came on board. Fräulein Perini, who knew one of them, went down with them into the cabin where Manna was sleeping. Both nuns placed themselves opposite to her, took out their prayer-books, and prayed for the poor soul lying there in the sleep of sorrow.

Manna opened her eyes and gazed around in astonishment. She knew not where she was. One of the nuns—it was the shy one, who always kept in the background—welcomed her in the French language, and bade her comfortably, resign herself to all that she must endure.

Manna sat up. So, then, the news had already reached even their ears! She went on deck with Roland and the three ladies. The Island cloister came into view. Every thing was so clear and bright, that she felt as though she had now suddenly returned to earth. There was every thing, just as it used to be, seeming to look at her with the question, "Where hast thou been this long time?"

They got into the boat, and were rowed toward the island. Every tree, every bench, every shrub, greeted her like a long-vanished Past. She cast a melancholy glance at the beautiful round seat on the landing-place, where she had so often sat with Heimchen. Now wet leaves lay upon the bench.

They reached the convent.

Manna sent her name at once to the Superior, but received the answer that she must first remain an hour in the church, and then come to her.

Manna understood what this meant; but did the Superior, then, already know of her defection? She went towards the church, but remained standing at the door, without entering. She feared the picture within, knowing that she could not do otherwise than raise her eyes towards it, and yet that must not be. She turned round again, and went out towards the park. She heard the children in the house playing together; she heard singing in another class; she knew how all were sitting; she knew every bench; approaching the fir-tree where she had so often sat, she saw that the seat was no longer there. On the kneeling-stool where Heimchen used to sit, lay withered leaves. "To Heimchen," said a voice within her. Turning back, it seemed to her, in passing the convent, as though she were guilty of rebellion and sin in not having obeyed the Superior's command. She came into the

churchyard. On Heimchen's grave stood a cross with this inscription in golden letters:—

"The child is not dead, but sleepeth."—Mark v. 39.

"How?" cried Manna. "Why these words here? They are spoken in Scripture of that child who was re-awakened on its death-bed, but not of a buried one."

She sank down upon the grave, and her thoughts grew confused: she lost all consciousness of the passage of time. At last, composing herself, she turned back toward the convent. Admitted into the reception-room, she was still obliged to wait alone; the pictures on the wall seeming to withdraw into the distance if she looked up at them.

At last came the Superior. Manna, hastening toward her, would have thrown herself upon her neck; but she stood rigid, winding both ends of her hempen girdle around the forefingers of her right and left hand, so that the rope cut into the flesh.

Manna sank down at her feet.

"Rise," said the Superior severely. "We suffer no vehemence here. It is to be hoped you yet remember this. Have you been in the church?"

"No," said Manna, rising.

It was long ere the Superior spoke. She probably expected Manna to acknowledge her transgression; but Manna could not utter a sound. Every thing that she had experienced, and that was now within her, seemed to crowd upon her at once.

"I came hither," she began at last, "in order to leave no sorrow in your heart, Reverend mother, at my ingratitude. Your treatment of me has been most noble: you have"—

"No praise. Nothing about me. Speak of yourself."

"My memory must not be a grief to you. I came to beseech you"—

"Why do you hesitate so long? Speak out! What do you wish?"

"Nothing save your faith in the honorable struggle through which I have passed. I could not do otherwise. I am betrothed to Eric Dournay."

"How, to whom? Did I rightly understand you? Is Herr von Franken dead? You are— But no. Speak!"

Faithfully and openly did Manna acquaint her with all that had happened, standing erect, and speaking in a firm voice. When she had ended, the Superior said,—

"So you have not come to do penance?"

"No."

"For what, then?"

Manna, grasping her brow, said,—

"Have I then not clearly confessed that I do not feel myself culpable? I came in order to offer you thanks, heartfelt thanks, for the good which you did me in time of need, and my memory must not be a sorrow to you. You yourself once told me that the battle which I must fight with life would be a hard one. I have not sustained it, or rather—only, I implore you, be not wounded. Grant me a peaceful resting-place in your memory."

"Do you wish that, even now? Yes, that is the way with the children of this world. Even the suicides demand a consecrated grave. You are dead, and can have no grave in our holy ground. You stretch out your hand for reconciliation, but of what sort? Your hand is not clasped."

A lay sister entered, bearing a request from Fräulein Perini to be admitted into the presence of the Superior and Manna.

She entered.

"Have you any thing to say?" asked the Superior, turning towards Fräulein Perini.

"Yes. Here stands Fräulein Manna. I remind her before you, worthy mother, of a sacred promise which Fräulein Manna obtained from me."

"A promise? From you?"

"Yes. You, Fräulein Manna, extorted from me a promise to hold you fast with all manner of punishments and of bonds, if the spirit of apostasy should ever gain a foothold in your soul. Did you not, Manna?"

"I did."

"And now?" asked the Superior.

"Now I belong to myself no longer. I no longer call any thing my own: no possession, not even myself. I cannot give in expiation what is not mine."

The three women stood long in silence.

Finally the Superior said,—

"Have you confessed to the Priest?"

"No."

The Superior had turned away, and spoke with averted face:—

"We force you not. We bind you not. We could; but we do not wish to. Go, go! I will see your face no more! Go! Alas, what a hell you bear within you! The trace of your footsteps here shall disappear. No, I will hear nothing more. Go! Has she gone? Do not answer me. Dear Perini, tell me—is she gone?"

"She is going," replied Fräulein Perini.

"Where is my sister?" they suddenly heard Roland's loud voice saying.

The door was thrown violently open.

Roland, quickly perceiving what had been going on, cried, —

"You have humiliated yourself sufficiently: come with me." He seized Manna by the hand, and left the convent with her.

When they were in the open air, Roland said he had been unable to endure the suspense any longer. He had feared lest Manna would allow herself to be maltreated, enduring unkindness as a penance.

"And that you must not do, even if you could bear it yourself, for Eric's sake. You must not allow Eric's betrothed to be insulted and abused."

How Manna's eyes shone as she gazed into Roland's glowing countenance!

"It is over," she said. "A whole world is swallowed up behind me. It is well that it is over."

Fräulein Perini remained some time longer with the Superior, then followed Manna. Sitting beside her in the boat, she said in a peculiar low whisper, —

"I was obliged to say that. I could not do otherwise."

Manna held out her hand, saying, —

"You only did your duty. I am not angry with you. Forgive me."

Manna knew not how she had left the convent. Only when she embraced Roland did her tears begin to fall. On their homeward journey she did not go below, but sat on the deck beside Roland, looking at the landscape with her great black eyes wide open.

CHAPTER IV.

TRANQUILLITY ON THE ROAD, AND UNREST AT HOME.

ON his way to Mattenheim, Eric met the Major. He felt cheerful enough to tell him that he was scouring the country as if enlisting a corps of firemen; and, when he explained the meaning of his words, the Major needed no urging to agree to his part. He looked on the affair in the light of a court of honor, from which no one should shrink.

"Poor man! Poor man!" he repeated, over and over again, "He was not open with me; but then, neither was she. I do not take it ill of him. She was not so either: it was the first time in her life. She" — this was of course, Fräulein Milch — "knew that I could not endure it. I can do much, comrade: you would not believe how much I can do. But there is one thing of which I am incapable; and that is hypocrisy. I cannot have friendly intercourse with a man

whom I neither love nor esteem. I knew that the man had been a slaveholder; and I have always said that no one who associates with poodles can keep off the fleas: and who would believe that the man could utter so many kindly words? And with you, comrade, he talked like a sage, like a saint. I, with my dull brains, cannot make out, and even Herr Weidmann could not help me, why the good children must suffer all this. But now I will explain it to you. Now I know the reason. It came into my head on the road. This is how it is. I have not learned much. I used to be a drummer: I'll tell you my story some time."

"Yes; but what have you discovered?"

"Just so she always reminds me when I wander off from what I was saying. This is it. You see, man, as it says in Scripture, is born in pain, trouble; and the human soul is also born in pain, want, and misery. We poor fellows know that; and that is why rich and distinguished people are not fairly in the world. I mean — you know — and now our Roland is born anew, into true nobility, for the first time. The Prince can ennoble the name, but not the soul, you understand; so it is. And our Roland is now the real nobleman. To endure evil and do good, that is the motto which he has now received; and that is a device which has yet been engraved upon no knightly shield: but you see it stands written within, and there it will remain."

The Major pointed to his heart with a trembling hand. Eric listened in astonishment, as this timid man, so slow of speech, uttered all this, with many interruptions, it is true, but with great fervor; and now the Major reminded him how they had tormented themselves with the problem of what Roland should do with so much money, and said that it was now decided, once for all, he must do nothing but good with it.

When, at last, Eric was about to separate from the Major, the latter held him fast once again, saying, —

"Listen only to this one thing more. I was a drummer: I'll tell you the story some day. I became an officer; and my comrades did not dream how they honored me, when they used secretly, thinking I did not hear it, to call me Capt. Drumsticks, or, for shortness, even Sticks. Yes: they did honor to the Capt. Sticks; for, from that time forward, it became clear to me. I was unable to explain it so to myself, but she made me understand: she knows every thing. Yes: so it is. He is only half alive whom Fortune has made into something. Misfortune is the Holy Spirit, saying to man-

kind, 'Arise and walk.' You understand me?"

"Yes," said Eric earnestly, pressing the old man's valiant hand and riding on.

Looking back, he saw the veteran still standing on the same spot. He nodded to the horseman, as though he would have said to him, in the distance, Yes: to you I have given good baggage, — my best. You will not lose it; and now, if I die, it is in the possession of one who will keep it, and not give it away. He thanked the Builder of all the worlds, that he had caused him to pass through so much that was hard, and yet always to come out of it unharmed.

Meanwhile, Eric was riding cheerfully towards Mattenheim. On the way, however, he turned round. It seemed to him that he was bound in honor to summon Clodwig first. That in forming this resolution he was also influenced by an impulse of curiosity as to how Bella was now behaving, he frankly acknowledged to himself: nevertheless, he rode first to Wolfsgarten.

The parrot shrieked from the open window, as though wishing to inform all the inhabitants of the arrival of so unusual a guest; for it was long since Eric had been there. He thought he had discerned the form of Bella in the room adjoining that at whose open window the parrot hung; but she did not show herself again.

Entering Clodwig's room, he found him, for the first time, in a state of despondency. He must also have had some bodily ailment; since he did not rise, as had always been his wont, greeting his young friend with as much formality as heartiness.

"I knew that you would come to me," said Clodwig, breathing hard, but speaking in a mild voice.

"If one spirit can influence another at a distance, you and your mother must have felt most clearly that I was with you at this time. And now, if you please, let us talk very quietly, as I am somewhat indisposed. Let us forget, first of all, that we are starved by intercourse with that man. I think we ought, in this case, to think of him, and not of ourselves. See," — taking up a phial, — "look at this. I take a childish delight in this new chemical stuff, which looks exactly like clear water, and yet serves to efface a written word without scratching the paper at all; and now I am thinking, ought we not to be able to find some moral agency similar to this?"

Eric, seeing the matter which he had in hand immediately referred to, laid the plan of the jury before Clodwig, and called upon him to bear his part in it. Clodwig de-

clined, with the remark that Herr Sonnenkamp, or whatever his name was, must have a court of his peers, — men of similar rank, or, rather, of a similar profession with himself. He, for his part, was no peer of Herr Sonnenkamp, or whatever he called himself.

Eric reminded his friend, with great caution, of his having dwelt on the equality of privileges at Heilingthal; but Clodwig seemed to give no heed to these words.

There must have been a great weight on the soul of this man, usually so attentive; for, without noticing Eric's reminder, he related how much he had exerted himself in these latter days for the American, some hot heads at court having wished to summon him before a tribunal on a charge of high treason. This idea had been very repulsive to the Prince, who had written Clodwig a letter with his own hand, thanking him for having given his counsel against any elevation to the ranks of the nobility. Clodwig had thereupon advised the Prince to desist from any further proceedings against the man, who, he said, had been alured and seduced into things with which he should have nothing to do.

Again Eric expressed his wish that Clodwig would assist at the trial.

He merely replied, —

"I will inform the Court that the man summons a tribunal of his own accord. It will have a good effect there; and to oblige you" — here he sat upright, and his expression of languor changed to one of resolution. He passed his hand over his whole face, as though feeling that he must wipe away its look of distress — "yes, on your account, in the belief that your connection with that house may be, by this means, severed, or that light may be thrown upon it, I do not shrink from the appeal."

It was hard to Eric that this consent should be given for his sake, and not with a view to serving the cause. He was on the point of announcing his intention of becoming the man's son, when approaching footsteps were heard. Clodwig rose hastily, and, seizing Eric's hand, said, in a low but decided voice, —

"Well, I yield. The man wishes a court of honor: he shall have one."

Clodwig had uttered these words quickly and precipitately, for at that moment Bella entered.

She greeted Eric with Latin words; and it was with a strange confusion of sensations that he perceived in her a sudden defiance, utterly out of keeping with the present state of things, and, above all, with Clodwig's dejected mood.

"Pray tell me," she asked, "did you ever pass through a phase in which you admired men of force, like Ezzelín von Romano? There is, after all, something great in such violent natures, especially when contrasted with men of petty interests and weak dilettanteism" —

Eric could not understand what this meant. It did not occur to him that Bella, screened by the presence of a stranger, was discharging arrows, none of which missed their mark.

Clodwig gently closed his eyes, nodded, and then opened them again.

"Oh, yes," she continued, more calmly, "I am glad that I remember a question which I wished to put to you. Tell me, what would Cicero or Socrates have said, on reading Lord Byron's 'Cain'?"

Eric looked at her with a puzzled air. This question was so extravagantly odd, that he did not know whether it was intended as a sneer, or whether she was insane. Bella, however, went on: —

"Has Roland ever yet read Byron's 'Cain'?"

"I believe not."

"Give him the book now. It must have an effect upon him. He, too, is a son, who has a right to revolt at his father's banishment from Eden. It is wonderful, the correspondence between the two stories, — is it not? Do you know that we are all, strictly speaking, children of Cain? Abel was childless; yes, the pious Abel had no children: we are all descended from Cain. A grand pedigree! One more question, dear Herr Doctor. Have you never got out of the *savants* the form and color of the mark branded on Cain's brow by God the Father?"

"I do not understand you," Eric answered.

"Neither do I understand myself," laughed Bella. It was a dismal laugh.

She then continued: —

"I began to read Cicero, 'De Summo Bono,' with the help of a translation, of course; but I did not get far, and took up Byron's 'Cain,' instead: that is the finest thing the modern world has produced."

Eric still knew not what to reply, and only gazed into the faces of Bella and Clodwig. "What is going on here?" he said to himself.

Bella began again, —

"Were not the female slaves who served the Roman ladies obliged to puff out their cheeks, when a noble matron wished to strike them in the face? *A propos*, how is Fräulein Sonnenkamp?"

"She has gone to the convent," replied Eric with downcast eyes.

It oppressed him to be obliged to answer Bella's questions with regard to Manna.

"That seems to me very sensible," was the rejoinder.

"Such a cloister is a shelter where the sensitive child will best find repose until the storm is past. What will Roland now do? What are your intentions, and those of your mother?"

These questions were put in a manner so superficial, so distant, and so conventional, that Eric was able to reply with a certain degree of cheerfulness, —

"In the interim, we have recourse to the great deed which is so universal."

"The great deed?"

"Yes: in the mean time, we are doing nothing."

In the midst of this conversation, Eric's thoughts were in the convent with Manna. There she, too, was now confronting people who had once been such near friends to her. How did they now appear in their new character of enemies and antagonists? Surely they had not assumed this cold, indifferent tone. He felt as though he must stretch out his hand protectively over Manna, who was now bearing crushing reproaches, and, perhaps, even allowing a penance to be laid upon herself. He grieved that he had let her travel alone with Roland and Fräulein Perini. He felt that he ought not to have left her.

Such was his absorbing thought; and so he absently took leave, saying that he must go on to Weidmann's. Again he rode through the wood which he had traversed on Clodwig's horse the first time that he went to Villa Eden. How utterly different was the Villa to-day! And here at Wolfsgarten, — here he felt that there was some mystery which he could not unravel. How extremely happy had Bella and Clodwig then seemed to him! and now, what were they? Bella's strange, wandering talk, jumbling together Cicero and Byron's 'Cain,' showed that she must have passed hours in dragging herself restlessly through all sorts of things. Then Clodwig seemed overwhelmed by melancholy from which even his universal kindness could only temporarily rouse him.

Eric felt that he must forget all this, since he had in view an end which he must pursue for others and himself, — more than for himself, for Manna. Only he who is personally free from care can devote himself fully and freely to the service of others.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE II.

NO. XI.—THE SCEPTIC.

THERE is no title which has been more differently applied, or called forth more diverse sentiments, than that by which we have distinguished the subject of the present sketch. To many, perhaps most, readers it is a name of reproach, implying at once intellectual blindness and some degree of moral obliquity. It presents before them the image of a man persistently, and perhaps wilfully, denying the truth, closing his eyes to it, preferring not to see; a man whose evil life moves him to reject the unvarying morality of revelation, or whose self-conceit prompts him to place his own opinion above all authority; a being from whom good deeds and virtuous dispositions are not to be looked for—who is without principle, and therefore not to be depended on in this life, and whom, with a certain satisfaction, the most charitable may set down as likely to wake up very uncomfortably in the life beyond. On the other hand, there are many, in an age which has taken "honest doubt" under its patronage and protection, to whom a sceptic is an interesting being, almost crazed by his efforts to believe in Christianity, sadly acknowledging all its beauties, but bound by hard fate to see more clearly, to sift evidence more closely, to judge more conscientiously, than his fellows. The real character, as we are about to attempt its portraiture, has little in common with either conception. The word sceptic, like the corresponding word enthusiast, describes a certain class of minds rather than a peculiar set of opinions. In this sense there are some who are good Christians and yet sceptics undeniable, just as there are enthusiasts whose minds are untouched by religion. The character is not attractive, nor does it appeal to those higher human sympathies which are called forth by manifestations of such qualities as faith, loyalty, and self-devotion; but yet it is a real personality, and not unworthy of attention among the many different types of intellectual life.

The character of the true sceptic was never more clearly exhibited than by David Hume, the philosopher and historian, whose name is so well known and firmly established among the greatest of his century, and whose works and influence have produced as much effect upon men's minds and beliefs as it is possible for a perpetual negative to produce. He is not only a born representative of the class, but even to a great extent of his time, which was an

unbelieving age, full of profanities, great and small, and an immense and astonishing indifference to everything spiritual and unseen. He was one of the most clear-sighted men of his day—keen in pursuit of truth, not moved by any throes of mental anguish because of his inability to believe one dogma or another, but still far from setting himself up as an authority above other authorities, or arrogating a superior judgment. He was no profligate, eager to cover his sins by the abrogation of moral laws—no revolutionary, bent upon satisfying his own ambition by the overturn of all things. Neither was his spirit affected by the gloomy nothingness of the system he believed. He was an honest, cheerful, comfortable, unexcited soul, full of steady power of labour, patience, good-humour, a certain sober light-heartedness whatever was his fortune. The devoutest believer, with all the succours of religion, could not have behaved with more composure and dignity in the presence of death; nor is the sober quiet of his life less remarkable. He was good to his friends, not ungenerous to his opponents. He took success quietly and misfortune undauntedly. Pope Innocent's musings, in Mr. Browning's poem, over the strange and woeful fact that "the Christians in their panoply" do no greater deeds than those performed by "the instincts of the natural man"—could not have had a more remarkable proof than is furnished by this unbeliever. He was in his way a good man, as good as anybody round him. He was a cheerful human creature, quite undaunted by the darkness in which his being was shrouded; accepting life with all its inevitable penalties just as bravely, good-humouredly, and patiently as if the rewards of heaven awaited him at the end, yet believing in no rewards of heaven. The problem is one which it is right to consider on its own merits, and with as little prejudice as we may.

David Hume was born in the year 1711, of a good Berwickshire family, well thought of in the country-side, though without any apparent distinction but that of rural gentility. His mother, to whose sole charge he was left at a very early age, was "a woman," as he tells us, "of singular merit, who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and education of her children." He "passed through the ordinary course of education with success"—though his name, we are informed by Mr. Hill Burton, his biographer, from whose full and able narrative we chiefly quote, does not occur in any list of graduates of his university.

His earliest letters are full of a clumsy precocious philosophy, quaintly mingled with familiar gossip. "Greatness and elevation of soul," he writes, "are to be found only in study and contemplation; this can alone teach us to look down on human assailants;" and then he proceeds to inform his correspondent that "John has bought a horse; he thinks it neither cheap nor dear. It has no fault, but boggles a little." This junction of the lowly and the sublime belongs to the year 1727, when he was sixteen. By that time he had gone through his university career, according to the curious habit of Scotland, and had returned to Ninewells, his ancestral home, there to reflect upon himself and his thoughts, and make unconscious soundings in the yet shallow waters on which his boyish boat was launched. Even at this early period the character of the man had already formed itself; a ponderous thoughtfulness, moved by no special sympathy for his kind, nor high-placed ideal, fond of fact and certainty, uninfluenced even by that superficial imagination which belongs to youth, shows itself in him. One of the most remarkable indications of his curiously unexcitable fancy is a "Historical Essay upon Chivalry and Modern Honour," which was found among his early papers. "It is written with great precision and neatness," we are informed, and is "no despicable specimen of calligraphy;" which is a pleasant reminder that the boy-philosopher was still a boy, fond of his young productions, and almost as much interested in the fineness of his up-strokes as in the solidity of his conclusions. But even this subject, generally so dazzling to the unsophisticated mind, has no effect on the imagination of our young sceptic. The theory he forms in respect to it is about as disparaging to chivalry as anything which could have entered the *blasé* brain of a prosaic old man of the world. He tells us that the whole system was but a barbarous attempt to imitate the graces of the ancient civilization—the device of a savage to replace the majestic and beautiful models of antiquity by heaping together a mass of fantastic ornaments. A similar impulse, he says, carried into the regions of art, produced "that heap of confusion and irregularity" known as Gothic architecture! As the latter was a barbarous effort to copy the beauty of ancient buildings, so the former was a frenzied attempt to imitate the classic splendour of manners and morals. Seventeen years or so old, with the blood of knights in his veins, living in a historic country full of tales and tokens of feudal devotion and heroism, the boy could find

no better nor profounder explanation of a system so strangely powerful that (in theory at least) it made the least worldly of all codes dominant for centuries over a self-seeking world. Even his youth, which might have been of some use in such an emergency, gave him no better aid than his maturity did in after times; and thus it will be seen that from the very beginning of his career, his want of imagination baffled the very clearness of his insight, and made him morally incapable, as the sceptical intelligence always must be, of penetrating into the deepest secrets of that human nature which he professed to plumb and fathom with impartial severe logic to its most intimate depths.

This essay, which was never published, belongs to the prefatory period of his life which he spent at home—a period of about seven years between the conclusion of his formal education and his first start in life. This was a long time to be wasted by a Scotch lad of thrifty enterprising race, as well as of unusual mental powers; but probably the development of his genius was not of a kind to impress the little audience surrounding him. "Our Davie's a fine good-humoured crater," his mother is reported to have said of him, "but uncommon wake-minded;" and although he showed no lack of energy and resolution in later life, it is evident that to all outward appearance he was passive in this opening chapter; brooding much on himself and his capabilities, and bent on his own way, yet offering no demonstration of active will, or strong inclination to those who supposed it lay in their hands to decide the tenor of his life. His family, which, like so many families of Scotch gentlefolks, was largely connected with lawyers, destined him for that profession—for he was a younger brother scantily provided for. "My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me," he says; "but I formed an insurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning." His mother and brother, sagacious, homely observers, thinking of nothing beyond the ordinary course of existence, and such occupation as might become the son of a good house, made their plans for him as they would have done for any other younger son. It was no evil lot to which they devoted him. He might have become Baron Hume, like his nephew. He might have risen to the bench, and added a Lord Ninewells to the list of the family honours. The career was honourable and familiar, and scarcely even

precarious—not to be mentioned in the same breath with its only alternatives—the position of a travelling tutor or “governor,” or the doubtful success of trade. The Scottish reader will easily call up before him the picture of the country house, half mansion, half farm, the acute leddy, with her undisguised Scotch and practical views, and John the laird, who thought of no other love so long as his mother ruled the frugal house, and kept the old family bonds intact. But while they they discussed and re-discussed “our Davie’s” fortunes, he himself was occupied with the matter in a very different way. Such a crisis as forms the turning-point in the lives of so many notable men, had come upon the lad in the strangest unfamiliar shape. The form it took was not of that struggle between the great moral and spiritual forces which we understand so little, out of which he might have come *converted*, to use the ordinary phraseology, and conscious of new motives and a changed life. It was not a supreme crisis of the heart, rent asunder by human passion. But yet something had come upon him which he could not explain, which brought him to a dead stop in his career, and was beyond his control; and the strange boy perceived by instinct the gravity of the crisis. Inspecting himself with critical eyes, he saw that the moment was one which must determine his future existence. His heart and his soul had come to a pause, and he had to explain the reason to himself. He does this in a letter to a physician, which, long as it is, is too characteristic to be passed by. In this curious composition he sets down every detail of his case with calm interest and composure: it does not occur to him to attribute it to any influence from heaven or hell. That God should be likely to take any trouble in the matter is not within his conception of possibilities; neither is there any terrestrial creature who has been instrumental in producing the strange tumult and prostration which he feels within him. Passion has nothing to do with it; his affections have received no check, his hopes no disappointment. Having maturely considered all things, he concludes naturally that it must, after all, be his body that is to blame. He must be ill, though he does not know it. Thus, in an age which had not begun to form any dogmas about the influence of the digestion upon the mind, that modern theory is anticipated by a lad of twenty, in whom one would naturally suppose a thousand fantastic reasons for these mental disturbances would present themselves, sooner than that simple stomachical explanation

which saves so much trouble. The strongest evidence of a mind already full of energy and activity, in the truest and liveliest action, and of heart, soul, and imagination totally unawakened, is to be found in this letter, which was written apparently not later than his twentieth year:—

“SIR—Not being acquainted with this handwriting, you will probably look to the bottom to find the subscription, and not finding any will certainly wonder at this strange method of addressing you. I must here, in the beginning, beg you to excuse it, and to persuade you to read what follows with some attention, must tell you that this gives you an opportunity to do a very good-natured action, which I believe is the most powerful argument I can use. I need not tell you that I am your countryman, a Scotsman; for without any such tie, I dare rely upon your humanity even to a perfect stranger, such as I am. The favour I beg of you is your advice, and the reason why I address myself in particular to you need not be told, as one must be a skilful physician, a man of letters, of wit, of good sense, and of great humanity, to give me a satisfying answer. . . . Trusting, however, to your candour and generosity, I shall, without farther preface, proceed to open up to you the present condition of my health, and to do that the more effectually shall give you a kind of history of my life, after which you will easily learn why I keep my name a secret.

“You must know, then, that from my earliest infancy I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardent natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months, till at last, about the beginning of September 1723, all my ardour seemed in a moment to be extin-

guished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits when I laid aside my book, and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular which contributed more than anything to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These, no doubt, are exceedingly useful when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though "I was not sensible of it . . . Thus I have given you a full account of the condition of my body; and without staying to ask pardon, as I ought to do, for so tedious a story, shall explain to you how my mind stood all this time, which on every occasion, especially in this distemper, have a very near connection together. Having now the time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philosophical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience: every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This,

with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order,—this I found impracticable to me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

"Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapours, as betwixt vapours and madness. I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit which frequently returns; and some of them, at the beginning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might decompose the fabric of the nerves and brain as much as profound reflections, and that warmth or enthusiasm which is inseparable from them."

That the subject of this curious piece of analysis should himself perceive the resemblance between his own condition and that of the "French mystics" and "fanatics" at home, is one of the strangest features in the strange narrative. And that it should never occur to him to attribute it to a mental or spiritual cause, is more remarkable still. The idea of any conflict for him between the powers of light and darkness—of any rising up of nature within him, to resolve once for all the inevitable problem on which side his life was to be ranged, would have simply amused the young man. He was too good-tempered and genial by nature to have treated the supposition with a sneer; but the unheroic boy would have laughed at the notion with unintentional

humility. The letter we have just quoted was, it appears probable, never sent to the eminent physician for whom it was destined; but remained among his papers, to throw its homely revelation upon a youth unlike the youth of other men: an early morning without dew or mist, or signs of the recent aurora—calm in colour as a leaden sky, sober as a day in autumn, quiet as the silence of the fields; yet so divorced from all natural metaphors, that there is no sense of infinitude, no mystery of space or distance about it, but all toned down into a universal calm.

"I would not quit my pretensions to learning but with my last breath," he adds, while discussing the chances of "a more active life" which were before him; but something had to be done to break the spell which no doubt the quiet existence of Nine-wells rather strengthened than interrupted. In the brief and succinct biography which he entitles "My own Life," the story is told in half-a-dozen words. "My very slender fortune," he says, "being unsuitable to this plan of life (that of a student and philosopher), and my health being a little broken by my ardent application, I was tempted, or rather forced, to make a very feeble trial for entering into a more active scene of life. In 1734 I went to Bristol with some recommendations to eminent merchants, but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me." This was all that came of the attempt to throw his life into a new channel. In the same year he seems to have finally made up his mind to yield to his inclinations and let fortune and the world go by. Such a man was qualified, as few men are, for the austere effort of frugality which enables a poor scholar to live on a pittance out of love for his books. Imagination, it is evident, would never lead him astray; and though he was always kind and friendly, and ready to share with his intimates, yet his range of sympathies was too limited to move him towards any of the foolish generousities which we pardon to youth. Then he had the training of his careful Berwickshire home to fortify him in his new career. The amount of the income upon which he ventured to embrace a life of philosophical research is not mentioned; but as he afterwards assures us that he has acquired a competence when he manages to scrape together £1000, and at a much later period of his life thinks £150 a-year a sufficient provision for life in London, it must have been scanty indeed. His first start in life was attended by an entire separation from home and all its associations. "I

went over to France," he says, "with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and I then laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature."

It would be against all the traditions of literature not to respect and glorify this determination—which was, there is no doubt, in its way a noble one. But yet there is something in the picture of the young Scotchman retiring to the dismal quiet of a French provincial town—of all solitudes the most restricted, and of all conventional places the most conventional—separating himself without any profounder cause from his ancient associations, which chills out the sympathy from the mind of the beholder. This is another proof of that strange good-humoured indifference to all the deeper wants of humanity, which was always one of his leading characteristics. He paused for some time in Paris—a more natural shelter for all the busy thoughts that were germinating in his mind—and went about in that new strange world attracted by matters very little likely, one would have thought, to secure the attention of a young man setting out in the world. Instead of affording us a glimpse of the picturesque old capital which now exists no longer, he tells us of the miracles performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris; recording with curious significance and secret irony the "incontestable" proof of miraculous cures wrought by that holy personage. His mind, it is evident, was more occupied with the different trains of thought gradually growing to completion within himself, than with the external novelty around him, notwithstanding the favourable impression which French life, manners, and dispositions had made upon him. He proceeded to Rheims on leaving Paris, and there established himself. It "is to be the place of my abode for some considerable time," he writes, "and where I hope both to spend my time happily for the present, and lay up a stock for the future." This curious choice of an obscure French country town, possessing, no doubt, a university, but not of any special distinction, is one of the least comprehensible things in the history of the time: in which we constantly find travellers of note, and young noblemen with their governors, established in the French provinces, in towns now fallen into complete obscurity, and at no time more

remarkable, except, perhaps, for the beauty of their churches, than an English country town of corresponding size. And that one attraction, the glorious Gothic cathedrals of France, was little appreciated by the eighteenth century.

The first piece of contemporary observation which Hume offers us is marked, like everything else, by his peculiar modes of thought. The difference of manners in France and England struck him as it does every stranger; not, however, with unreasoning enthusiasm, but with a more characteristic impulse to examine the matter: and the result of his careful analysis was the conclusion that the French were indeed more polite and obliging at heart, but that the English had a better method of expressing it — an opinion totally opposed to the ordinary theory.

"By the expression of politeness," he says, "I mean those outward deferences and ceremonies which custom has invented to supply the defect of real politeness or kindness that is unavoidable towards strangers or indifferent persons even in some of the best dispositions in the world. These ceremonies ought to be so contrived as that, though they do not deceive or pass for sincere, yet still they please by their appearance, and lead the mind, by its own consent and knowledge, into an agreeable delusion. One may err by running into either of the two extremes — that of making them too like truth or too remote from it — though we may observe that the first is scarce possible, because whenever any expression or action becomes customary it can deceive nobody. Thus when the Quakers say, "your friend," they are as easily understood as another that says "your humble servant." The French err in the contrary extreme — that of making their civilities too remote from truth — which is a fault. Another fault I find in the French manners is that, like their clothes and furniture, they are glaring. An English fine gentleman distinguishes himself from the rest of the world by the whole tenor of his conversation more than by any particular part of it; so that, though you are sensible he excels, you are at a loss to tell in what, and have no remarkable civilities or compliments to pitch on as a proof of his politeness. These he so smooths over that they pass for the common actions of life, and never put you to the trouble of returning thanks for them. The English politeness is always greatest when it appears least."

This would seem a sufficiently trivial subject to occupy the thoughts of the young philosopher, but it displays the penetrating acuteness and analytical power of his mind as well as if it had been more intrinsically important. Indeed, the very slightness of the occasion shows more completely

his mental habit of sounding to the depths and tracing every superficial indication back to its origin in the unseen recesses of human nature: a habit quite compatible with his incapacity for comprehending that nature's holier secrets. He seems to have remained about a year at Rheims, and from thence went on to La Flèche, where, with a curious delight in the society of the ecclesiastical caste of which he was the professed enemy, he hung about the Jesuits' College, picking up odd bits of information, and engaging in many a strange discussion, full on the one side as on the other of mental reservation and half-conscious sophistry. "I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits' College," he relates on one such occasion, "engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me and urging some nonsensical miracle lately performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at that time composing, this argument" (his afterwards celebrated argument against miracles) "immediately occurred to me, and I thought it much graver my companion; but at last he observed to me that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles, which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow that the freedom, at least, of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth."

The last suggestion comes oddly enough from the young philosopher who has just owned that *he thought proper to admit* as a sufficient answer an argument which in reality had no weight whatever with him, as his correspondent was aware. Greek had met Greek in this fine encounter; and notwithstanding the proverbial subtlety of the Jesuit, one doubts if the priest under his convent cloisters was a whit surpassed in frankness or undermatched in finesse by the burly young foreigner in his laced clothes who paced about those courts of learning by his side, breathing the same air as once Descartes breathed, and looking on with acute, unsympathetic, yet good-humoured eyes at the curious pieces of human mechanism around him, on whom he could try the success of an argument or point the edge of a theory. In the profound retirement of La Flèche, cut off from everything but books and Jesuits, Hume

composed his 'Treatise of Human Nature,' the first of his works. It would be unnecessary to enter at length into the scope and meaning of this book, which made a new step in the ever-turning treadmill of philosophy, and wound another confusing coil of thought round the philosophical observer. In a recent sketch of this series we did our best with unskilful hand to trace for the unscientific reader the progress of mental science (so called) up to the period of Berkeley. Locke had recognized the existence of mind and matter, two grand and universal abstractions, in the world, the one being to us the interpreter of the other. Berkeley, coming after him, boldly denied the abstract existence of matter at all, and affirmed mind, spirit, ideas, to be the only real existences. Hume, in the beginning of his labours, went beyond Berkeley. To him mind itself, the final principle of existence, was, like everything else, a doubt and uncertainty. It had been apparent to Descartes that he lived because he thought; but even this consciousness gave to Hume no philosophical conviction of his own existence. He is careful, as we would also be, to discriminate clearly between this philosophical doubt and the instinctive trust of the common man in common circumstances, his sense, beyond all power of reason to shake, that he himself is, and is surrounded by conditions which must be observed and heeded. It is only in philosophy that he ventures to assert the strange doctrine that mind itself is an existence as improbable as matter. Neither the mighty spectre of a world which seemed to surround him, nor the imagination called mind with which he seemed to comprehend it, could prove themselves. Shreds of truth floating in the air, and here and there caught and secured—incomprehensible sequences and necessities which could not be disputed, yet could not be explained—were all his keen intellect acknowledged in the universe. "Locke," says Mr. Lewes, in his 'History of Philosophy,' "had shown that all our knowledge was dependent upon experience. Berkeley had shown that we had *no* experience of an external world independent of perception, nor could we have any such experience. He pronounced matter, therefore, to be a figment. Hume took up the line where Berkeley had cast it, and flung it once more into the deep sea, endeavouring to fathom the mysteries of being. Probing deeper in the direction Berkeley had taken, he found that not only was matter a figment, but mind was no less so. If the occult substratum which men had inferred to

explain material phenomena could be denied because not founded on experience, so also, said Hume, must we deny the occult substratum, mind, which men had inferred to explain mental phenomena. All that we have any experience of is of impressions and ideas. The substance of which these are supposed to be impressions is occult, is a mere inference. Matter is but a collection of impressions; mind is but a succession of impressions and ideas. Thus was Berkeley's dogmatic idealism converted into scepticism.

The system of Hume, if that can be called a system which is the pulling down of all systems, and even of the very foundation upon which scientific methods of thought may be built, is still more clearly set forth as follows in his own words:—

"Men," he says, "are carried by a natural instinct or prepossession to repose faith in their senses. When they follow this blind and powerful instinct of nature, they always suppose the *very images* presented to the senses to be the external objects, and *never entertain any suspicion that the one are nothing but representations of the other*. But this universal and primary opinion of all men is soon destroyed by the slightest philosophy, which teaches us that nothing can ever be present to the mind but an *image* or *perception*. So far, then, we are necessitated by reasoning to contradict the *primary instincts of nature*, and to embrace a new system with regard to the evidence of our senses. But here philosophy finds herself extremely embarrassed, when she would obviate the cavils and objections of the sceptics. She can no longer plead the infallible and irresistible instinct of nature, for that led us to quite a different system, which is acknowledged fallible, and even erroneous; and to justify this pretended philosophical system by a chain of clear and convincing argument, or even any appearance of argument, exceeds the power of all human capacity.

"Do you follow the instinct and propensities of nature in assenting to the veracity of the senses? But these lead you to believe that the *very perception or sensible image is the external object*!"—(Idealism).

"Do you disclaim this principle in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are only *representations* of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments; and yet are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience to prove that the perceptions are connected with external objects"—(Scepticism).

"The answer to the question, 'What knowledge have we of an external world?' says Mr. Hill Burton, in his account of the same work, "resolved itself into this: that there were certain impressions and ideas

which we supposed to relate to it — further we knew not. When we turn, according to this theory, from the external world, and looking into ourselves, ask what certainty we have of separate self-existence, we find but a string of impressions and ideas, and we have no means of linking these together into any notion of a continuous existence. Such is that boasted thing, the human intellect, when its elements are searched out by a rigid application of the sceptical philosophy of Hume." And such, we add, were the conclusions of the young man in blooming Anjou, among the quiet of the convent gardens, and under those very cloisters where Descartes, doubting and pondering too, had taken a joyful leap into certain existence from his identification of the process going on in his mind as thought. "I think, therefore I am," the French father of modern philosophy had exclaimed to earth and heaven in a burst of human satisfaction a century before. And now when the hundred years with all its revolutions was accomplished, the musing Scot paces the same pavement, revolving the same difficulties, and ends in a conclusion as different as heaven is from earth. He, too, *thought*, devoting his life to that pursuit; and in addition possessed as rude a personality as falls to the lot of most men; yet he takes himself to pieces in the silence as if he had been a puzzle, and shakes his head over the many-cornered morsels which he knows he can fit together if he tries. But can all his fitting, all his trying, make one thing of them — an existence, a unity, complete and real? The spectator, even at this distance, cannot look on at the spectacle but with a certain strain and unconscious thrill of sympathy. To be driven to so blank an ending, how dismal must it have been! And all the more that the discovery was made by a young man scarcely six-and-twenty, in the absolute stillness of the silent foreign place, with grass growing in its streets, and its time measured out by the unfamiliar tinkle of the convent bell. He had given up home and youth, and all the profits and attractions of practical life, in order to have time and leisure to complete his theory. And this was the best he could make of it! But the reader may spare his sympathy, and assure himself that David never ate an ounce the less, or felt his personal-happiness in the smallest degree diminished by the negation of all things to which his thoughts had brought him. Not his was the nature which admires and envies and longs after a faith it cannot share. He was no amateur dilettante in his ways of thinking, but a born sceptic, clad in impenetrable panoply of

spiritual indifference and personal satisfaction, and fortified by good-humour and good digestion against all the fanciful troubles known to man.

The utter solitude in which this work was accomplished is another curious mark of the man's personal identity. He did his work alone, without aid of counsel or sympathy. "While he was framing his metaphysical theory," says Mr. Burton, "Hume appears to have permitted no confidential advisers to have access to the workings of his inventive genius; and as little did he take for granted any of the reasonings or opinions of the illustrious dead. Nowhere is there a work of genius more completely authenticated as the produce of the solitary labour of one mind." He tried the edge of his argument, smiling in his sleeve while, upon his Jesuit companion, and he communicated the 'Reasonings on Miracles' to his namesake Henry Home; but the latter is the only instance in which he seems to have sought anything resembling sympathy in his work. And yet he was a social being, fond of the convivialities of the time, not in the least averse to society or shy of ordinary intercourse. Wherever he went he made friends, and kept them, and was warm in all superficial charities. But the soul of the man dwelt apart, not loftily so much as indifferently, having no need of close communion or fellowship with any other soul. A certain unexpressed good-humoured contempt for his kind, mixed, as such a sentiment often is, with much benevolence and amiable feeling towards them, was no doubt at the bottom of this indifference; but its real origin was in the self-sufficing nature of the man, which demanded no support of human fellowship, but could keep its standing without love, without faith, without sense of dependence, requiring no earthly paradise, hoping for no heaven.

And yet there is a struggle to be recorded, though it is not of any very passionate description. The human nature of the young man sometimes stirs within him notwithstanding all his constitutional calm. Now and then there bursts from him a cry of half-stifled pain. In one of his moments of weakness he gives vent to the following reflections, combating them all the while with his own pitiless common-sense and practical sobriety. His theory itself is not half so curious as the amazing power with which consciously he employs his external existence and senses to smother and make an end of such faint outcries and protestations as may arise in his imperfectly-developed heart.

"The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon me," he says, "and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable and likely than another. Where am I or what? From what cause do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty.

"Most fortunately it happens that since Reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium either by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation and lively impression of my senses which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game at backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends: and when, after three or four hours' amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold and strained and ridiculous, that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any further. Here, then, I find myself absolutely and necessarily determined to live and talk and act like other people in the common affairs of life. . . . I may, nay, I must yield to the current of nature in submitting to my senses and understanding; and in this blind submission I show most perfectly my sceptical disposition and principles; but does it follow that I must strive against the current of nature which leads me to indolence and pleasure? . . . No; if I must be a fool, as all those who reason or believe anything *certainly* are, my follies shall at least be natural and agreeable. . . . These are the sentiments of my spleen and indolence; and, indeed, I must confess that philosophy has nothing to oppose to them, and expects a victory more from the return of a serious good-humoured disposition than from the force of reason and conviction. In all the incidents of life we ought still to preserve our scepticism. If we believe that fire burns or water refreshes, 'tis only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise; nay, if we are philosophers it ought only to be upon sceptical principles, and from an inclination which we feel to employing ourselves after that manner. When reason is lively and mixes itself with some propensity, it ought to be assented to; where it does not, it never can have any title to operate upon us. At the time therefore that I am tired with amusement or company, and have indulged a reverie in my chamber or in a solitary walk by the river-side, I feel my mind all collected within itself, and am naturally *inclined* to carry my view into all these subjects about which I have met with so many disputes in the course of my reading and conversation."

Surely so strange a piece of personal revelation was never made. The philosopher takes his own intelligence in hand and tunes it like an instrument. When a human sentiment of dismay at the nothingness and desolation with which he has surrounded himself creeps into his mind, he seeks out his friends, is merry, plays his game of backgammon, and lets himself go upon the current of nature which leads to indolence and pleasure, sagaciously calculating upon the period of revulsion which is sure to come. Then, after the desire for pleasure and ease has been satisfied, he indulges in a reverie or takes a solitary walk, and thus getting back his inclination towards his work, follows it "on sceptical principles" with an inconceivable philosophical calm. And he was but six-and-twenty when he thus regulated the stops of his own being, regarding it, one cannot but feel, with something of the same partial contempt with which he regards the rest of mankind—not disdainfully, not harshly, but good-humouredly, as at best a poor creature capable of little, which it is best not to drive or coerce, but humanely leave to pursue its own way. We know no other writer who has thus condescendingly, apologetically, patronized and humoured himself.

The 'Treatise of Human Nature' was published in 1738, on terms not disadvantageous for such a work, and probably more favourable than a young unknown aspirant in the same strain would find possible now. He had fifty pounds "and twelve bound copies of the book" for one edition of a thousand copies. Its success was not of an encouraging kind. "Never literary attempt was more unfortunate," he says, in his autobiography. "It fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among zealots." This however, seems too strong a statement of the case, though it shows how intensely he had felt the disappointment. His anxiety about its reception was evidently great; he was anxious to leave town, thinking it would "contribute very much to my tranquillity, and might spare me many mortifications to be in the country while the success of the work was doubtful. . . . If you know anybody that is a judge, you would do me a sensible pleasure in engaging him to a serious perusal of the book," he adds, feeling, as so many have done, that to be but known was all he wanted. "The success of my philosophy is but indifferent, if I may judge by the sale of the book, and if I may believe my bookseller," he writes afterwards from

Ninewells, where he had taken shelter. "I am now out of humour with myself, but doubt not," he continues, with the doleful playfulness of the disappointed, 'in a little time to be only out of humour with the world.' Better luck, however, awaited him. In the three or four years following, two other volumes — viz., the third part of the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' and the first volume of 'Essays, Moral and Political' — were given to the world; the latter with anxious anonymity. "The work was favourably received," he says, "and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment." "The Essays are all sold in London," he writes to his friend Henry Home, with natural satisfaction, in the summer of 1742. It was some compensation to him for the mortification of his beginning. He had by this time returned home to his mother, brother, and sister, who still kept house together at Ninewells, an undivided family; and for six or seven years thereafter remained in this retirement, renewing, he tells us, his acquaintance with Greek, making new friends, and beginning various correspondences which went on during his whole life.

This period of quiet was not, however, one of repose and satisfaction with his position. On his return from France he had confessed to his friend Home "a certain shamefacedness I have to appear among you at my years, without having yet a settlement, or so much as attempted any," — a sentiment which is in the highest degree characteristic of his race and country, and in which every Scotsman will at once concur. To come back without having made any mark in the world, without having even planted his foot on steady ground, and, in short, no better than he went, must have been a humiliation even to a philosopher. "No alteration has happened to my fortune, nor have I taken the least step towards it," he writes to another friend. The success of his Essays no doubt was consolatory; but even that was no "settlement," and his practical eyes were fully open to the necessity of making a career for himself. He made an attempt to get a professorship in Edinburgh University, but failed; and with some reluctance seems to have adopted the idea of becoming "travelling governor" to a young man of fashion and wealth, could such be found. The appointment which he at length obtained was perhaps the most strange ever conferred upon a philosopher. It was that of companion to the Marquess of Annandale — a young lunatic, full of literary and other frenzies — in whose strange household he found, as might have

been expected, a most uncongenial home. His squabbles with the official guardian, and his persistent claim for a sum of money to which he considered himself entitled when at last dismissed from this uncomfortable situation, are of no importance to our story. The mistake seems to have been his acceptance of the position at all; and it certainly affords the observer a very poor idea of the condition of the age, as respects literature and science, to find a man already distinguished in both, and, at the same time, a gentleman of family as good as that of his "patron," consenting to become the butt of a young madman, and the companion of his tedious noisy days. "What a scene is this for a man nourished in philosophy and polite letters to enter into all of a sudden and unprepared!" Hume himself exclaims. "But I ever laugh, whatever happens," he adds, with rueful pleasantry. "I lived with him a twelvemonth," is the brief record in the autobiography. "My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune." Let us hope these "appointments" somewhat eased the smart inflicted upon his dignity and *amour propre*, though his tenacious grasp upon the last scrap of salary to which he had a right, is not a lofty ending to a very uncomfortable episode in his career.

A more honourable, though at first sight scarcely more suitable, office for a philosopher awaited him. These were the days in which literary men received and expected pensions and honours; and yet it is but too apparent that, except in the rare case of one who could be made Secretary of State, or gentleman usher, there was in reality nothing in the busy world for a man of letters to do. The second employment which fell in his way was that of secretary to General St. Clair, then about setting out on "an expedition, which was at first meant for Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France." "The office is very genteel," he says in a letter; "ten shillings a-day, perquisites, and no expenses. . . . As to myself," he adds to a second correspondent, "my way of life is agreeable; and though it may not be so profitable as I am told, yet so large an army as will be under the General's command in America must certainly render my perquisites very considerable. I have been asked whether I would incline to enter into the service? My answer was, that at my years I could not decently accept of a lower commission than a company. The only prospect of working this point would be to procure at first a company in an American regiment by the

choice of the colonies. But this I build not on, nor indeed am I very fond of it."

The idea of David Hume in a soldier's coat has a curious incongruity, which will make the reader smile. He was by this time thirty-five, and had already begun to acquire the bulk which afterwards distinguished him. The fat philosopher, with his round chubby cheeks and succession of double chins, smooth as a woman's, must have been a curious spectacle in the rakish uniform of the time; and though he was never a soldier, he afterwards wore uniform, and at one time held the rank of aide-de-camp. The expedition was one of those purposeless schoolboy raids which distinguished the time. It landed on the coast of Brittany, fluttered the dovescots in a few helpless seaside villages, and pretended to be about to take the town of L'Orient, "the seat of the East India trade." However, after a siege of six days, and much ineffectual artillery, the expedition thought better of it, and turned back again, having "lost only ten men," as it fortunately happened, "by the enemy." In Hume's personal experience, the period was identified by the suicide, in his own quarters, of a Major Forbes, one of his friends—a scene sufficient to make a vivid impression on any mind, but which is noted in Hume's history only by one matter-of-fact record of the occurrence. The account he gives of the entire expedition is curiously and unintentionally ironical. It was "detained in the Channel until it was too late to go to America," and was then sent "to seek adventures on the coast of France." The general and admiral were both totally unacquainted with the coast—without pilots, guides, or intelligence of any kind, and even without the common maps of the country. They were "entirely ignorant, except from such hearsay information as they had casually picked up at Plymouth," of the strength of the town and garrison they attacked. "There never was on any occasion such an assemblage of ignorant blockheads" as the engineers of the little army. Under such circumstances there was nothing for it but to turn back again; and though Hume says their discomfort was "without any loss or dishonour," it is a curious example of those deficiencies which have always hampered the British army, and which came to their climax in that uncomfortable age.

The short duration of this employment left the philosopher once more in a state of uncertainty as to his future life. An interval of "idleness and a gay pleasurable life" rewarded him for the brief labours of his campaign. And he thus discusses his

prospects in a letter to one of his friends, giving us an incidental glimpse into the new projects which had begun to awaken in his mind:—

"I have an invitation to go over to Flanders with the general, and an offer of table, tent, horses, &c. I must own I have a great curiosity to see a real campaign, but I am deterred by a view of the expense, and am afraid that, living in a camp, without any character, and without anything to do, would appear ridiculous. Had I any fortune which would give me a prospect of leisure and opportunity to prosecute my *historical projects*, nothing could be more useful to me, and I should pick up more literary knowledge in one campaign, by living in the general's family, and being introduced frequently to the duke's, than most officers could do after many years' service. But to what can all this serve? I am a philosopher, and so, I suppose, must continue.

"I am very uncertain of getting half-pay, from several strange and unexpected accidents, which it would be too tedious to mention; and if I get it not, shall neither be gainer nor loser by the expedition. I believe if I would have begun the world again, I might have returned an officer gratis, and am certain might have been made chaplain to a regiment gratis; but. . . . I need say no more. I shall stay a little time in London, to see if anything new will present itself. If not, I shall return very cheerfully to books, leisure, and solitude in the country. An elegant table has not spoiled my relish for sobriety; nor society for study; and frequent disappointments have taught me that nothing need be despaired of, as well as that nothing can be depended on."

Two years later, when the proposed campaign had changed into a peaceful embassy, Hume once more left England in the train of General St. Clair; and the interval of retirement, which seems to have been spent at Ninewells, in country quiet and seclusion, had evidently impressed on his mind the conception of his after-work.

"I got an invitation (he repeats) from General St. Clair to attend him in his new employment at the Court of Turin, which I hope will prove an agreeable if not a profitable jaunt for me. I shall have an opportunity of seeing courts and camps; and if I can afterwards be so happy as to attain leisure and other opportunities, this knowledge may even turn to account to me as a man of letters, which, I confess, has always been the sole object of my ambition. I have long had an intention, in my riper years, of composing some history; and I question not but some greater experience in the operations of the field, and the intrigues of the Cabinet, will be requisite in order to enable me to speak with judgment upon these subjects. But, notwithstanding of these flattering ideas of futurity, as well as the present charms of variety, I must

confess that I left home with infinite regret, where I had treasured up stores of study and plans of thinking for many years. I am sure I shall not be so happy as I should have been had I prosecuted these. But, in certain situations, a man dares not follow his own judgment, or refuse such offers as these."

His position in this mission was again that of secretary. "I wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced to these courts as aide-de-camp to the general," he says. We have no space to follow the narrative of his journey, which he sent home to the little domestic party at Ninewells, still united, though the children were growing grey, in that close union which sometimes exists with special force in the family of a widow. There is nothing very remarkable in the narrative, except an ingenuous surprise on the part of the writer to find Germany a habitable country, with some appearance of comfort and wellbeing among its people. "'Tis of this country," he says, "Mr. Addison speaks when he calls the people

'Nations of slaves by tyranny debased,
Their Maker's image more than half defaced.'"

"Be assured," he adds, with some warmth, "there is not a finer country in the world, nor are there any signs of poverty among the people. But John Bull's prejudices are ridiculous as his insolence is intolerable." This last utterance, however, so often repeated since then, arose from no superiority on Hume's part to the prejudices of his race, but from the much more vivacious sentiment of national indignation and disgust at the same John Bull, who was then falling into a frenzy fit of prejudice against everything Scotch, as it was Hume's lot to ascertain by experience. There is also in the account of this tour a sober appreciation of natural beauties not common to the age. The Rhine, the Maine, the broad fertile country, the picturesque villages and palaces (as he curiously entitles the feudal castles of that wonderful district), are all commented on. It is true he finds the houses in quaint Nuremberg to be "old-fashioned and of a grotesque figure," though he allows they are "solid, well built, complete, and cleanly;" but that was the fashion of the time. "I confess I had entertained no such advantageous idea of Germany," he says, with benevolent satisfaction; "and it gives a man of humanity pleasure to see that so considerable a part of mankind as the Germans are in so tolerable a condition." This was written not much more than a hundred years ago, and of a region now as familiar as

Bond Street to crowds of people whom Hume would scarcely have admitted within the lowest circle of intelligence. Such strange changes does time alone, without the help of any more startling agent, work upon the external world.

While Hume was at Turin he was seen by Lord Charlemont, who has left us the following unfavourable, but, we fear, true description of his aspect and appearance:—

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent; and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom most certainly never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing a uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained-bands. Sinclair was lieutenant-general, and was sent to the Courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was therefore thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet."

While Hume was absent on this mission, his 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding' was published in London. He explains its nature and intention with his usual brevity in his autobiography. "I had always entertained a notion," he says, "that my want of success in publishing the 'Treatise of Human Nature' had proceeded more from the manner than the matter, and 'that I had been guilty of a very usual indiscretion in going to press too early. I therefore cast the first part of the work anew in the 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.' His desire was that the 'Treatise of Human Nature' should now be treated as a work blotted out of literature, and that the Inquiry should be substituted in its place," Mr. Burton tells us; but this was, of course, an impossible hope. In the new form his principles were not altered, but their expression was softened;

and, naturally, his opponents were little likely to accept the less pungent and forcible statement.

Such new views, or developments of his principle, as he insisted upon more fully in the new volume, did but carry out the conceptions of the other. The doctrine of necessity, as opposed to that of free-will in human action; of the uniformity and sameness of human impulses; and those opinions on miracles which had first occurred to him at La Flèche—all branches of a thoroughly sceptical philosophy—were prominent in the book,—in which, indeed, the theory in respect to miracles was first given to the world. Of these, each, it will be seen, is, if possible, more destructive of any innate dignity in human nature than the other; that men, like atoms of matter, are moved by periodical waves of impulse to do the same thing in a certain severe arithmetical sequence, of which they understand nothing; that the races of humanity bear the same monotonous resemblance to each other as do the stones in a river-bed, dragged up or down by the greater or lesser force of the current; that human testimony, however enthusiastic or however multiplied, is never to be allowed even a hearing, when it contradicts the regularity of natural laws;—these are the developments of his doctrine, which Hume now gave to the world. At every step as he advanced the great negation grew. The man who, under his teaching, no longer could call his mind his own, or put any faith in its existence, had now to give up his will as well, and recognize himself as a creature

“Dragged round in earth’s diurnal course
With stocks, and stones, and trees.”

Individual character, great aspirations, generous sentiments, were alike denied him. He did but what he could not help doing, thought but as certain vague natural influences moved him, was not to be believed at his highest strain of feeling, or credited with any independent sentiment.

Such was the theory of the philosopher. It did not depress his own mind, so far as there is any evidence on the matter: but he *was* depressed by what would seem on the surface of much less immediate importance. “This piece was at first more successful than the ‘Treatise of Human Nature,’” he says—a practical disappointment much less easy to bear than any theory. “On my return from Italy I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of Dr. Middleton’s ‘Inquiry,’ while my performance was entirely overlooked and rejected. Such is the force

of natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression upon me,” he adds, with, no doubt, partial truth. His mother’s death, which happened at the same period, and which he heard of on his return from Italy, probably took the edge off the less severe misfortune. He was found “in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears,” we are told, when the melancholy news was communicated to him; and a good-natured friend improved the occasion with exemplary faithfulness. “My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to having thrown off the principles of religion,” said the comforter, “for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that this good lady, who was not only the best of mothers but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just.” To which, as the story goes, David replied, “Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine.”

This anecdote, it is evident, however, must be received with caution, for there is no appearance of any such scientific hypocrisy in his life. He was never a virulent, but what is much worse, an indifferent unbeliever. Religion was no necessity to him: he could live without it, and be as virtuous as his neighbours; and he could die without it. In short, it was not, nor did he ever pretend it to be, a want of his soul. Such beings are; and it would be vain to imagine that the unbelief of such a man was necessarily accompanied either by remorse or despair.

In the mean time Hume returned to Nine-wells, to his brother and sister, with whom he remained until the marriage of the former in 1751, composing his political and other essays. During this interval of quiet, success came upon him all at once. What his philosophy could not do, his heresy and anti-Christianity did, by rousing the attention of controversialists, who then abounded in the world. “My bookseller informed me that my former publications were beginning to be the subject of conversation, that the sale of them was gradually increasing, and that new editions were demanded. Answers by reverends and right reverends came out two or three in a year; and I found by Dr. Warburton’s railing that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good society.” It was with this comfortable assurance that at last he had made his mark in life, and attained his object, that Hume removed into Edinburgh. His modest pretensions and contented temper, as well,

alas, as a state of affairs much different from the present, are indicated in the following account of his means and desires:—

"While interest remains as at present," he writes from Ninewells in the summer of 1751, "I have fifty pounds a-year, a hundred pounds' worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near a hundred pounds in my pocket, along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humour, and an unabating love of study . . . As my sister can join thirty pounds a year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer."

Thus the little celibate household set itself up in a "flat" suspended between heaven and Edinburgh, high up in one of the stately houses which still overlook the Earthen Mound, upon an income not exceeding £80 a year. They had an unrivalled landscape before them; but probably neither the brother nor sister made much account of that; and were surrounded by the cheerful, social, familiar circle of Edinburgh, in which was mingled an unusually large proportion of clergymen. This interval of leisure and work seems to have been one of the happiest periods in his life. He even became frisky in the quiet, and amused himself laboriously with the heaviest of ponderous jokes, about which he writes long anxious letters, more concerned for its success than he ever shows himself about one of his serious works. While at Edinburgh he published the 'Political Discourses,' "the only work of mine," he says, "that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home. In the same year was published at London my 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' which, in my own opinion (who ought not to judge on that subject), is of all my writings—historical, philosophical, or literary—incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

Thus, with a certain mild irony, he records his successes and failures, feeling, as many a writer has done before and since, that curious mixture of disdain and satisfaction with which it is but natural to observe the indiscriminating preferences of the crowd. They let his best drop listlessly from their hands, and conferred a triumph on the secondary production, of which he himself thought so much less highly. The philosopher shrugs his shoulders as he sits at his lofty windows looking over "the gallant Forth," with Miss Katie by his side, and all his kindly friends and correspondents making a little luminous homely circle round him. There were Adam Smith and

Ferguson at Glasgow; Blair and Robertson in Edinburgh at his doors; John Home, his namesake, coming in by times from Athelstaneford, with the MS. of his first tragedy in his pocket, which the philosopher thinks may probably not deserve success, since the dramatist admires Shakespeare and has never read Racine! and close by him such an afflicted soul as poor Blacklock the poet, penniless, learned, sensitive, and blind. When Hume, after another unsuccessful attempt upon a vacant chair in the University of Glasgow, accepted the appointment of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, it is said to have been to Blacklock that he devoted the proceeds of his office. It was but £40 a-year, but that was no small addition to the means of a man who was possessed of but £50 *pour tout potage*. "In 1752," he says, "the Faculty of Advocates chose me their librarian, an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library. I then formed the plan of writing the 'History of England.'" This great work, as has been seen, had already vaguely visited his dreams for years before; and when at length he found himself at the very fountain-head of information, with an admirable collection of books at his disposal, and undisturbed quiet to plan and execute as he pleased, he began his undertaking with such care and pains as sometimes even provoke a smile. For it is not a historian's scrupulous exactness as to fact which appears foremost in the history of his work, so much as a curious anxiety—sometimes growing quite painful in its intensity—about the "correctness" of his English, and the careful elimination of every Scotchism from its pages. He writes letter on letter on this subject, and, it is evident, worked with a diligence scarcely comprehensible in these slipshod days, eliminating every doubtful expression from his work. Scotland was then, as his biographer reminds us, a kind of *quasi*-foreign country, with a dialect full, not only of changed words, but of different idioms from those of pure English. All this trouble seemed, according to his own account, to have received but a poor recompense at first. He narrates his renewed disappointment as follows:—

"I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when, I thought, the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and as the

subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment; I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation; English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, Churchman and secretary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Stafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr Millar told me that in a twelve-month he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank and letters, that could endure the book. I must only except the Primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the Primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

"I was, however, I confess, discouraged; and had not the war been at that time breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country. But as this scheme was not practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere."

Two years later the second volume of the History was published, and "was better received." In another interval of three years the history of the House of Tudor followed, and the work was concluded in 1761. It had thus been about nine years in the composition. And notwithstanding the discouraging character of its beginning, Hume, by the time it was completed, had become one of the most famous and popular authors in Europe. His renown, as will shortly be seen, rapidly crossed the Channel, and was almost greater in France than at home; and profit and honour flowed upon the philosopher. "Notwithstanding," he owns, "this variety of winds and seasons to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances that the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England: I was become not only independent, but opulent. I retired to my native country of Scotland, determined never more to set my foot out of it; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty, I thought of passing all my life in this philosophical manner."

This expectation, however, was not realized. His life, so far as the excitement of popular adoration and applause went, and all the show and outward apparel of greatness, was indeed only about to begin.

But before he shoots away a new star into the firmament of French fashion, there is a certain pleasure in watching the bulky, ponderous philosopher, with his clumsy jokes and friendly moderate enthusiasms. A certain rustic minister, called Wilkie, had composed a poem professing to be a translation of a supposed early production of Homer, and called the *Epigoniad*, which Hume, with outbursts of praise, declares to be "the second epic poem in our language." Of Home's 'Douglas' he writes that "I am persuaded it will be esteemed the best, and by French critics the only, tragedy of our language!" His interest in Robertson's History, which he might even have been excused for thinking a rival of his own, is lively and honest, and he seems to have omitted no opportunity of helping the writer forward. And no man ever took up more contentedly the rôle of comfortable obscurity. When anticipating a change of residence to London, he wrote to his friend Dr. Clephane of his desire to secure "a room in a decent, sober family, who would not be averse to receive a sober, discreet, virtuous, regular, quiet, good-natured man of a bad character;" and informed the doctor that "I shall then be able to spend £150 a year." Adam Smith's first work, the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' a book also to some extent a rival of his own, he hails with the same anxious plaudits, spreading its fame wherever he goes. Never was a more friendly, unaffected, good-humoured, self-denying, self-indulgent soul. He is so kindly and so friendly that one scarcely likes to note how characteristic of a nature never moved to any supreme passion or effort, or deeply acted upon by anything outside himself, is all this homely amiable submission to the subdued colours and humdrum routine of declining life. He accepts, nay, even forestalls it, liking nothing better than the loose-robed comfort of the chimney-corner, the elephantine pointless jokes, the subdued pleasurable sentiments of a life from which avowedly all the disturbing vigour and restlessness of youth have departed. Comfort was sweet to him, and he had it. What could such a man desire more?

The change from this quiet scene to the brilliant Court of France, with all its fine ladies and fine gentlemen, its princes and wits and *savans*, precipitating themselves at the feet of the good-humoured but surprised philosopher, is the strangest that can be conceived. It was in the year 1763, when Hume was fifty-two, and perfectly disposed to give himself over to the quietude of age, that this extraordinary revolution occurred in his life. The Marquess of

Hertford had been appointed ambassador to France, and by some strange impulse of public spirit, or other unlikely motive, fixed upon Hume, with whom he was not even acquainted, to be his secretary. The invitation was so startling that the philosopher hesitated; but finally, moved by the thought that he had resolved to "give up his future life to amusements," and attracted by the charms of French society, which he had always admired, at length decided upon accepting it. "The decorum and piety of Lord Hertford occasioned men to wonder," says Horace Walpole, "when, in the room of Bunbury, he chose for his secretary the celebrated freethinker David Hume, totally unknown to him; but this was the effect of recommendations from other Scots who had much weight with Lord and Lady Hertford." Hume himself, however, informs us that "the first idea came into my patron's head without the suggestion of any one mortal." The effect of the patronage of so orthodox a man seems to have had the immediate effect of rehabilitating the unbelieving philosopher. "I was now a person clean and white as the driven snow; and were I to be proposed for the see of Lambeth, no objection could henceforth be made to me," he says, with a chuckle of amusement and humorous satisfaction. Yet his anticipations were not always of a pleasurable character. "I repine at my loss of ease, and leisure, and retirement, and independence," he says; "and it is not without a sigh I look backwards, nor without reluctance that I cast my eyes forwards." These melancholy thoughts, however, disappeared when he found himself in the gayer atmosphere of France, and suddenly discovered that he was the fashion, and found all the world at his feet. He had been prepared for the fact of his own popularity to some mild extent. "No author ever yet attained to that degree of reputation in his own lifetime that you are now in possession of at Paris," Lord Elibank had written to him in the spring before his arrival there. "When you have occasion to see our friend David Hume," writes another of his acquaintances, "tell him that he is so much worshipped here that he must be void of all passion if he does not immediately take post for Paris." Helvetius also conveys to him the same flattering announcement; and so, in still softer strains does Madame de Boufflers, whose correspondence with him had commenced two years before. He had scarcely arrived when he was overwhelmed by evidences of this unbounded popularity. Ten days after he reached France, he wrote to Adam

Smith: "I have been three days at Paris and two at Fontainebleau, and have everywhere met with the most extraordinary honours which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marshals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present. I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies." "During the two last days in particular," he adds, "I have *suffered* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery as almost any man has ever done in the same time." He protests that "it makes no difference to him;" but it is evident that Hume was far from displeased by these demonstrations of regard. It is true that by times he gives vent to an exclamation of weariness. "I wish, twice or thrice a-day, for my easy-chair and my retreat in James's Court!" but yet the manner in which he dwells upon all the compliments made to him, is not that of a man dissatisfied or annoyed by the sweetness of his life. Here is a little sketch, made by his own hand, from which it may be perceived how easily a man can habituate himself to any amount of worship:—

"Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty if they did not make a long harangue in my praise. What happened last week when I had the honour of being presented to the Dauphin's children at Versailles is one of the most curious scenes I ever passed through. The Duc de B., the eldest—a boy of ten years old—stepped forth and told me how many friends and admirers I had in the country and that he reckoned himself among the number, from the pleasure he had received in reading many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P., who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me that I had been long and impatiently expected in France, and that he himself soon expected to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine History. But what is more curious, I was carried then to the Count d'A., who is but four years of age. I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. . . .

"All this attention and panegyric was at first offensive to me; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered in some measure the use of the language, and am falling into friendships that are very agreeable—much more so than silly distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me which they have either ob-

served themselves or heard from others; so that you see I am beginning to be at home. It is probable that this place will long be my home. I feel little inclination to the factious barbarians of London; and have ever desired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more so when it is the best place in the world? I could here live in great abundance on the half of my income; for there is no place where money is so little requisite to a man who is distinguished either by his birth or personal qualities. . . . However, I cannot help observing on what a different footing learning and the learned are here from what they are among the factious barbarians above-mentioned."

Contemporary French writers are not wanting to confirm these wonderful tales, with touches at the same time of gentle pleasantry at the "*gros philosophe Ecossais*," the "*grand et gros historiographe d'Angleterre*."

"C'est un excellent homme que David Hume," says Grimm; "il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, et quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd, il n'a ni chaleur ni grace, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes." Another amusing glimpse shows him playing elephantine pranks for the amusement of the same ravishing but difficult audience in one of the dramatic amusements of the time, in which "on lui avait destiné le rôle d'un sultan assis entre deux esclaves employant toute son éloquence pour s'en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables il devait chercher le sujet de leur peines et de leur résistance; on le place sur un sofa entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, le se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises et ne trouve jamais autre chose à les dire que, "*Eh bien — mes demoiselles — eh bien — vous voilà donc — eh bien, vous voilà — vous voilà ici?*" Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure sans qu'il put en sortir. Une d'elles se leva d'impatience. 'Ah,' dit-elle, 'je m'en étais bien doutée — cet homme n'est bon qu'à manger du veau!' Depuis ce temps il est relégué au rôle de spectateur, et n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé."

It was nearly two years after his arrival in Paris and discharge of all the duties of the secretaryship before Hume really obtained the situation and its emoluments. "The matter is concluded and the king has given his consent," he writes in June 1765, after many exhortations to his friends to aid him, and vicissitudes of fear and hope; "so that, in spite of Atheism and Deism, of Whiggism and Toryism, of Scotticism and Philosophy, I am now possessed of an office of credit, and of £1200 a year." However, this was but a momentary gleam of prosperity. A month had scarcely passed before

the home administration changed. Lord Hertford was recalled, and Hume's good fortune became a thing of the past. For several months he remained "Chargé d'Affaires" in Paris until the new ambassador arrived, and finally left France in the beginning of 1766, not much more certain of any future provision than he had been at his outset. A pension of £400 a year was, however, eventually settled upon him, and thus his diplomatic career came to a close.

The curious episode of his connection with Rousseau need not be here entered upon in detail. After making the Continent too hot to hold him, the great sentimentalist made what he was pleased to call a flight from the secret yet enthusiastic worship of Paris, under the protection of Hume when he returned to England. Everything that our philosopher could do to promote the comfort of his guest and find a suitable refuge for him was, it is evident, done with zeal and almost devotion, and called forth Rousseau's intensest gratitude, which was often displayed in a way which the sober Scotsman must have found somewhat embarrassing. On one occasion when they had partially quarrelled over a very small matter, Hume records: "After passing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room. But judge of my surprise when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kissed me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears exclaimed — 'Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my dear friend?' . . . I hope you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion. I assure you I kissed him and embraced him twenty times with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene of my life was ever more affecting." We fear the reader will be more disposed to smile than to weep at the grotesque picture of the little bearded Swiss on the fat knees of *le gros philosophe Ecossais*, and of the mutual embracing which followed. This sweet accord, however, was far from permanent. After Hume had procured him a pension, and given himself endless trouble in establishing him according to his inclinations, Rousseau suddenly turned upon him with the most causeless and meaningless insults. The quarrel with the letters it drew forth on both sides, was made into a pamphlet, and published in France under the advice of Hume's friends there. *Cette sottie bête appelée le public* was thus called in to judge the matter; and so far Hume's wrongs may be said to have been fully avenged.

While this quarrel was going on, Hume

received his last public appointment as Under-Secretary of State under General Conway, the brother of Lord Hertford. Once more he speaks as if he grudged a little the employment which kept him from retiring to his beloved leisure. He had plenty of money; and with his usual curious contemptuous regard for himself "was desirous," he says, "of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had formerly made an experiment of a competency." This experiment, however, was postponed for a year or two, and in the mean time his life is thus described:—

"My way of life here is very uniform, and by no means disagreeable. I pass all the forenoon in the secretary's house, from ten till three, when there arrive from time to time, messengers that bring me all the secrets of the kingdom, and, indeed, of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I am seldom hurried; but have leisure at intervals to take up a book, or write a private letter, or converse with any friend that may call for me; and from dinner to bedtime is all my own . . . I only shall not regret when my duty is over; because, to me, the situation can lead to nothing, at least in all probability; and reading, and sauntering, and lounging, and dosing—which I call thinking—is my supreme happiness,—I mean my full contentment."

Thus the man's identity and his philosophy go together through every change in his existence. He does not pretend to feel any satisfaction in the thought of doing his duty by his country, though no doubt he did it according to his lights. The same curious limit which nature seems to have built around him, betrays itself in matters which might have been supposed of the strongest personal interest. Even in respect to correcting the imperfections of his History, he asks, "Were it not an amusement, to what purpose would it serve, since I shall certainly never live to see a new edition?" It would appear that he felt no need of that terrestrial immortality which tempts the most humble of mortal creatures. He held office not more than three years, and thus describes his retirement from public life, and entrance into the full ease and luxury of which he wanted to make experiment, for the rest of his existence:—

"I returned to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year), healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and seeing the increase of my reputation."

"I had taken one of Allan Ramsay's houses," he adds,—and everybody who has ever seen Edinburgh, and remembers the glorious position of Ramsay Gardens, on a

line with the Castle, and commanding all the country round; the Forth, and distant Fife lying blue, with its Laws and Lomonds, on the horizon, will approve of his selection; but the situation was thought too cold, and he retired eventually to his old habitation in James's Court, which commanded the same fine prospect; though, perhaps, its size and pretensions, which had suited the homely philosopher setting up an establishment on £80 a year, might scarcely answer all the requirements of the pensioned diplomatist and statesman with £1000 a year to spend. "I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows," he writes to Adam Smith, surely with some fresh sense of pleasure in the familiar landscape thus restored to him after all his wanderings. "I have been settled here two months," he writes a little later, "and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage—a charming dish—and old mutton, and cold lamb, nobody excels me. I make, also, sheep-head broth in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after, and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it." In conjunction with his cookery he took to building, and made himself a house, like so many men, to die in. It was the commencement of the street leading southwards from St. Andrew's Square to Princes Street, and certainly was far from an improvement, in point of position, upon the mount of vision he had left. Before the new street had received any name "a witty young lady chalked on the wall the words *St. David Street*," Hume's *lass*, judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house much excited to tell her master how he was made game of,— "Never mind, lassie," he said, "many a better man has been made a saint of before." Perhaps there are few people, even among those who traverse the locality daily, who are aware that St. David Street, still existing in Edinburgh, thus commemorates, not Bruce's royal successor, but the unsaintly David, the *gros drôle*, who won fame without caring for it, and desired no grace of remembrance even among his townsmen. The many-trodden

stony street, careless as his own soul of the thousand interests, sorrows, and loves that move about it, is the sceptic's fitting shrine.

And yet one cannot look at the calm of his declining years without a certain sympathy. He is so cheerful, so easy, so contented with himself and everything about him; so ready to interest himself in other people; to advise, and applaud, and good-humouredly criticize—so far from all personal anxiety about his own health or future prospects. There are, no doubt, many who will think that these last were more terrible than consolatory. But we have succeeded very poorly in placing Hume before them if they do not perceive that such was his nature, and that solicitude about the future existence was a matter entirely impossible to him. He had enjoyed almost everything that life could give to such a man. He had never in his life loved enough or sorrowed enough to feel any want of that compensating hereafter to which the most of us poor mortals turn longing eyes. His nature was complete without that postscript in which we put so pathetic a trust. He had nobody whom his heart refused to part with either waiting for him on the other side or retaining him on this. There would seem to be, let us say it with reverence, no sufficient reason why such a soul should not be gently extinguished on its exit from a world in which it had found all it desired—not puffed out like a half-burned candle, leaving chill suggestions of a might-have-been, but allowed to die down in its socket, and consume itself away and be no longer. Such an end would have had no terrors for Hume—would, indeed, have been a characteristic conclusion. All along it had been in his nature. It is the heart, and not the intellect, which insists upon living, and it was intellect which was Hume's chief possession. So far as the other part of him went, the body, which had attained such unwieldy proportions, he had made that very comfortable in his day. He had given it all it desired—food, and wine, and employment, and exercise, and rest—and his accounts were very well balanced so far as that went. And as for his mind, it surveyed all things, and measured the pain and pleasure, the good and evil chances, the long succession of mortal existence, in which it found so little spontaneous impulse, so much monotonous pendulum work of necessity, one race following another through the world; and, doubtless, having thus fathomed the secrets of existence, felt no need of further experience, or of a new sphere to enter upon.

The ordinary observer looks on with amaze at a spectacle which contradicts so many theories. The quiet death-bed, the cheerful spirit, the courageous steadfast composure with which the sceptic went through those last lingering days, are a mystery to us. But such problems, like most other mysteries in heaven and earth, must find solution elsewhere than here.

There are one or two points, however, which we may pause to note, in which the Sceptic's nature and philosophy baffle, as we have already said, even the keenness of his intellect, and deprive him of the power of perception which men, probably less gifted than himself, possess by intuition. Such an example shows us how genius itself may strike against the limits of nature, and be stopped short by them. For instance, in all his much intercourse with France, and the love he had for it, it never seems to have been apparent to Hume, as it was to Chesterfield, a much inferior thinker, that everything around was darkening towards some great catastrophe. Neither, though he lived in his youth in the very heart of the country, and must have seen such scenes of peasant oppression and distress as those which took the very power of speech from Berkeley, does he ever seem to have been impressed by, or even to have noticed them; which is a curious evidence of that supreme want of sympathy with his race which distinguished his mind, though in external particulars it was constantly concealed by a certain natural amiability and inclination to be friendly and helpful. This deficiency neutralized at once his sagacious mind, his political knowledge, and his genius. He knew human nature so little, even while knowing it so much, that the signs of the times were a sealed book to him. There is another very notable instance in which the same want of sympathy leads him to advise a transgression of one of the first principles of honour, an accusation which no doubt would have much surprised him. A young clergyman, whose mind seems to have been unsettled by Hume's works, applied to him, through his friend Colonel Edmonstone, for advice as to what he should do; that is, whether or not he should remain in the Church. The philosopher answers, without apparently a moment's doubt or hesitation. "It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar," he says, "and on their superstitions, to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing was worthy of being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian

oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods, *τοῖς θεοῖς*. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it, and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world." Thus his incapacity to understand the heights and depths of the soul, his indifference to his race, and the contempt for it which is involved in all his philosophy, leads a man, otherwise honest and straightforward, to a sophistry worse than anything fabled of a Jesuit, and to direct encouragement of the worst and most debasing of all falsehoods.

But when we return to the old man dying placidly in his new Edinburgh house, we forget how superficial are his affections, and how mortal his soul. Here is one of the last letters he ever wrote, than which it would be impossible to produce anything more quietly dignified or affecting. There is a certain Socratic calm of anticipation in it which moves the spectator to uncover and stand aside as in the presence of a great being, be its nature what it may:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—Dr. Black tells me plainly, like a man of sense, that I shall die soon, which was no disagreeable news to me. He says I shall die of weakness and inanition, and perhaps give little or no warning. But though I be growingsensibly weaker every day, this period seems not to be approaching; and I shall have time enough to improve you and to desire your company, which will be very agreeable to me. But at this time your presence is necessary at

Ninewells to settle Josey and comfort his mother. Davie will be also very useful to you. I am much pleased with his tenderness and friendship. I beg therefore that neither he nor you may set out, and as the communication between us is open and frequent, I promise to give you timely information."

Never Christian fronted death more bravely, nor with a more peaceful calm.

He died on the 25th August 1776, a fortnight after writing the above letter, at the age of sixty-five, leaving behind him the highest philosophical reputation, a host of kind and friendly recollections, and abundance of vulgar condemnation. Perhaps it is one of the weaknesses of this age that it is unable to condemn with the frank and hearty vigour of its forefathers. We cannot blame Hume for his utter indifference to the spiritual consolations, hopes, and blessings of which his limited spiritual nature could form little conception, and felt no need. Nor can we even feel that imperfection in his existence which strikes us so forcibly in almost all the lives which have been brought prominently before the world. There seems nothing left to be made up to him, no injustice to set right, no disappointment to soothe, no lost to restore. He had his immortality, his consolations, his happiness, such as it was, within the limits of this world. The imagination declines to follow him into any other. Such a man with such a life may be permitted—so far as our judgment of him is concerned—in a certain solemn heathen calm and still atmosphere, hushed but not discouraged by the thought, to end and die.

THE BIRDS.

ONE day in the bluest of Summer weather,
Sketching under a whispering oak,
I heard five bobolinks laughing together
Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover—
Language of birds is a riddle on earth:
What could they find in white weed and clover
To split their sides with such musical mirth?

Was it some prank of the prodigal Summer—
Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—
Querulous cat bird—woodpecker drummer—
Cawing of crows high over the sky?

Was it some chip-munk's chatter—or weasel
Under the stone wall stealthy and sly?—

Or was the joke about me at my easel,
Trying to catch the tints of the sky?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,
Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—
While I sat listening deep in the clover
Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest
That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills;
'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest—
Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing,
Only by tones can we follow the tune;
In the full heart of the Summer fields ringing,
Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June!

Putnam's Magazine.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE COURTYARD OF THE OURS D'OR.

PART I.

ON a hot August morning, in a quaint old Flemish city, the sun shone brightly into the courtyard of the Ours d'Or.

Earlier in the morning the sun had vainly tried to creep in through the low-browed arch that gave entrance to the Inn from the little Place outside; but it could not succeed in reaching farther than midway up the broad vaulted passage, which had Clemence's parlour and her father's counting-house on the left, and the kitchen on the right. The sunshine, however, had no mind to be baffled by the whim of the old grey stones, soon climbed high enough to peep over the quaint roofs of the rambling building, and poured thence an intense glow of golden warmth into the courtyard at the end of the passage.

The splash-plash of a little fountain tinkled merrily in the sudden brilliance, gold-fish darted to the surface of the water to warm themselves, and the leaves of the tree-fuchsias round and about showed prism-dyed through the sparkling water-drops.

It was only a small square court, planted like a garden, and overlooked on three sides by the inn-windows. It was bordered by rustic arbours, with vines clambering over them: in these, of afternoons, pipes were smoked, and beer and coffee drunk by round-faced Belgians. Just now all was as fresh and well ordered as if no one but the gardener had access there.

Canaries hung in these arbours. They sang out loudly as the sunshine gilded their cages.

But for the noisy birds and a few peacock butterflies darting their glowing colours in and out among the tall fuchsias, the courtyard basked in the sunshine in its own still fashion. The small round paving stones grew hotter and hotter till the spray of the fountain dried as it reached them.

It seemed a scene waiting for an actor to move across it.

There was a glass door between the two arbours that faced the arched passage; it opened, and old Madame de Vos came forward into the courtyard.

"Tiens, tiens! it is a heat to stifle." The old woman waddled across to the shade of the passage as fast as she could, pulling the large hood of her straightly falling black cloak over her primly quilled cap, till she left visible only the snowy muslin strings.

"Elodie, Elodie! where, then, is Mademoiselle?"

No answer coming, Madame advanced to the kitchen-door. It stood open, and

through it glowed a dull red heat, worse than the blaze of the courtyard, for this heat reflected itself again with interest from the brass pans and pots and kettles glittering in every corner.

Inside this kitchen all things shone hotly except Elodie's face: a pale thin countenance on a small erect body. She wore just the same sort of snowy cap that Madame de Vos did, tied under her peaked chin; but here all likeness ended. The bulky dame who filled up the doorway would have made four of the slight active cuisinière of the Ours d'Or.

"Pouf! was there ever such a heat?" Flat-faced, pink Madame de Vos turned up her blue eyes as if they too suffered.

"Madame has no need to come into it," Elodie spoke gravely over one shoulder, and went on trussing her fowls.

"Where is Mamselle Clemence? I want her."

"Here I am, bonne maman! What wilt thou?"

Opposite the kitchen were three entrances to the house: the largest, that in the centre, opened into the inn itself: on each side of it were Monsieur's counting-house and Mademoiselle's parlour. Clemence's voice came from this last doorway.

"Come to me, child; and then Elodie can hear the news at the same time. Ah, ma foi! that all the affairs of the family should be thrust on my shoulders!"

At the word "news," Elodie turned round sharply. Her sunken grey eyes were full of eager interest, and as Clemence crossed over a soft flush had risen on her cheek, and a glad dancing light sparkled in the large thoughtful eyes.

A minute ago you would scarcely have called Clemence pretty: she was too pale, and her grey eyes had wanted colour, till the blush on her cheek made them glow.

"The Sœur Marie, thy aunt at Bruges, is ill, and the Superior asks that one of her people should go to the Hospice with speed. It would kill me, as thou knowest, Clemence, to travel with such a heat; besides, how could I quit the Ours d'Or when the father is not there? It is thou, Clemence, who must obey this summons."

The liquid eyes drooped, the soft colour faded: for a moment the girl stood silent, her lips parted, her hands clasped together.

"Well?" This came very impatiently from Madame.

"Bonne maman!"—the warm blood came rushing into Clemence's face, and the words were spoken quickly—"I cannot go; thou knowest why I wish to stay at home. Louis said to-day or to-morrow he

may arrive at any moment, and I—I have not seen him for so long. Why cannot Rosalie go to Bruges?"

"Rosalie! Rosalie is a child; of what use to send her?"

"But we are not sent for to be useful," Clemence pleaded, her tender wistful eyes fixed on her grandmother's stolid face. "The good *sœurs* love the aunt too well to yield any care of her to a stranger; it is only that she may see one of her own people again. Bonne maman, I have not seen la tante Marie for so—so long, she will not recognize me. Rosalie has not left her these five years,—she loves Rosalie,—send her, bonne maman; how could I be absent when Louis arrives?"

The sweet imploring voice might have touched Madame de Vos's heart through all the pink fat which enveloped it but that she hated contradiction; and also for the reason that Clemence had looked while she spoke more than ever like her dead mother. There was the same slender bending figure, the same transparent skin and dark hair, and above all, that same strange earnestness in the eyes, and resolute fervent spirit which had in days gone by so bewildered Madame when she looked at her son's wife. For Madame de Vos came of a pure Flemish stock—physique and moral were alike solid and stolid. In her family no one had ever been slender, or poor, or dark haired; and she had felt herself aggrieved when Auguste de Vos, her eldest son—the landlord of the flourishing Ours d'Or—had married Clemence de Trudin, the orphan daughter of a poor French gentleman.

What could he expect of such a transparent unusual-looking creature but that which had come to pass? For only a year ago the younger Madame de Vos had died of decline: a disease mainly caused, so said her mother-in-law, by a dislike of eating and drinking and a love of books. She died, and left her sorrowing idolizing husband with four children.

Clemence was twenty-two, and it seemed to Auguste de Vos that she could take her mother's place in the management of her two little brothers; but before he could rouse himself to settle anything he got an imperative summons to visit his mother at Louvain.

"Of what canst thou be thinking then, Auguste?" she had asked. "Is not Clemence fiancée to the Lieutenant Louis Scherer? and who shall say how soon he may purchase his discharge, and come home and marry her? and then, ma foi, what will happen? Will it be convenient, I ask thee,

my son, to bring us such a child in the Ours d'Or with no better mentor than Elodie? Bah—that is what it is to be a man!"

When a man has loved his wife dearly—so dearly that life and everything belonging to it have lost all interest or flavour without her—he is easily managed; and Auguste de Vos, after a few more maternal harangues, began to see that it might be well for his girls that their grandmother should come to the Ours d'Or. Naturally he did not call to mind his mother's faults; they had met seldom since his marriage; and his wife had rarely grieved him by repeating the petty unkindness she had endured during the old lady's visits. For Madame de Vos had never forgiven the dark-eyed gentle wife her want of fortune; and now, as she looked at Clemence, the old dislike grew strong,—a dislike which had been intensified by her son's blind devotion to his wife.

"Just like her mother!" and then aloud and severely, "Clemence, you speak follies; you are the eldest, and you must go."

"And why does any one go?" said Elodie, standing erect, with her hands behind her. "The patron will be home to-night; he will go in the morning to Bruges, and he will take Mamselle Rosalie, and she can stay with the *Sœur Marie*; there, it is settled."

"But no; thou art not a mother, Elodie; thou canst not comprehend the feelings of a mother. My daughter, my Marie, must not be kept waiting for the selfishness of a love-sick girl. Fi donc, Clemence, when I was young, my lovers came after me; they waited my pleasure, I did not wait for them. I am ashamed of thee."

Clemence kept back a hasty answer, but her eyes flashed.

The old lady walked away to the parlour.

"It is too unjust, too hard; if my father were but at home!"

The words were said to herself, but Elodie read them in her face. She put her lean brown hand tenderly on the young girl's shoulder.

"Go, my child, it is better; the bonne maman could go herself as to that; we can do without her; but if the *Sœur Marie* should be worse, thou wouldst then sorrow at not having obeyed the summons. Go at once; who knows but that thou mayest come back this evening."

But the savour of the various stew-pans on the charcoal stoves within warned Elodie

that she must return to her duties; and besides, in her heart the cuisinière thought her young mistress's anxiety excessive.

"Allons," she said cheerfully; "Monsieur Louis will not arrive to-day, I am sure of it; the sooner thou art gone, my child, the sooner home." And she went back to the stew-pans.

Plash — plash, went the jewelled drops of the fountain, the canaries sang loudly, the gold-fish seemed to be listening, for they came to the top of the water and opened their wide mouths as if to say "Bravo!"

The glass door opened again, but this time it was not Madame de Vos who came out into the sunshine. It was a fair, rounded, well-grown maiden, with golden hair wreathed in abundant plaits. A very sweet and blooming creature — the bloom and sweetness of seventeen, that indescribable charm of youth which fades so quickly; which a few hours of sunshine withers out of spring flowers. The tender soft blue eyes, the delicate peach-tinted cheeks, the smooth fine texture of the white throat, the firm rosy lips, all told of youth in its first freshness, and in Rosalie de Vos, of youth conscious of its own beauty and eager to try its power.

"It is nice to be at home for good," she said, and she sat herself down in one of the arbour. "Why, I was only twelve when I went to Bruges; home is not so dull as our convent, but oh! it might be much better than it is. Why should our rooms be shut off from the rest of the house, and why does Clemence say I may never come out here after one o'clock? it is triste to be so near life and fresh faces, and for ever to be shut up with *bonne maman* and Clemence."

She yawned. It was too hot to stir out of the arbour, or she would have crossed over to the passage so as to look out into the Place.

"Ma foi, it is triste; at the convent I had my tasks, and they filled up time: it is all very well for Clemence, she who has a lover, and she is twenty-three! I wonder what kind of a lover he is to marry so old a fiancée? he must be ugly or stupid."

The *salle-à-manger* lay beyond the kitchen detached from the rest of the house, and could only be entered through the courtyard.

The clock struck one, and a sound of voices came up the arched passage.

"What does it matter," thought Rosalie; "Clemence is away, and my father too. I will amuse myself to-day; grandmamma never scolds me; the trellis screens me, I can see and I am not seen."

The dinner-bell pealed loudly, and in trooped guests with hungry faces, some from the inn, others from the town, for the table-d'hôte of the Ours d'Or had a reputation.

Alphonse, the stout head-waiter, asked the oldest of the guests to preside in the absence of his master, and then proceeded to compound the salad-dressing with calm solemnity.

The windows of the *salle* looked into the court and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finishing stroke, the vinegar, he started so suddenly that an extra-spoonful, at least, flowed into the thick yellow cream of which he was so proud.

No wonder Alphonse started. With such a dinner on table as no other inn in the town could boast, an individual, a militaire too by his walk, instead of coming into the *salle* as fast as possible — for one course at least was served — was deliberately crossing the courtyard towards one of the arbour.

It was incredible; but in the meantime the salad was ruined.

Rosalie saw the stranger too, and she blushed. It was pleasant to feel that she was more attractive than the savoury fumes issuing from the open French windows of the *salle*. But when the visitor came up to her he bowed and begged pardon.

"I could not distinguish through the leaves, Mademoiselle. I mistook you for Mademoiselle de Vos."

He bowed, begged pardon over again, and retreated.

Rosalie was vexed.

"How comes he to know Clemence, I wonder? How handsome he is. He has come to see our father on business, and Elodie has referred him to Clemence; and yet" — she knitted her pretty eyebrows — "Elodie knows that my sister has gone to Bruges. I must go and tell grandmamma."

She was not daring enough to cross the courtyard in full view of the *salle*, so she passed in through the glass doors, up a back staircase leading to the family sleeping-rooms, and then down another which led her to the parlour.

"Bonne maman —" here Rosalie stopped; the handsome stranger sat talking to her grandmother.

"Aha, Monsieur Louis! this is our Rosalie, the flower of our house. Rosalie, my well-beloved, this is Monsieur Scherer."

And the old lady looked from the handsome soldier to the blushing maiden. "Ma foi, what a fine couple they would make," said she to herself.

Louis Scherer thought his future sister-in-law very pretty indeed, and his looks

said so. The old lady smiled approvingly, and patted Rosalie's soft pink hand as the girl stood beside her, blushing with surprise and confusion.

"You are thinking, Monsieur, that she does not resemble Clemence, and you are right. Clemence is a De Trudin, but this is a De Vos pur sang, or I might rather say a Van Rooms; she takes after my family absolutely — we have always been fair and blue-eyed. Ah, but it is sad when a race degenerates!"

But Monsieur Louis Scherer kept on looking at Rosalie as if he could never tire of her face.

"Bonne maman," said the girl softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clemence is?"

"Yes, yes, my angel, I have told all to Monsieur. Thy father will arrange all when he returns; and now we will eat if dinner is served."

At dinner-time Monsieur Louis began to talk to Rosalie.

"And why did I not see you before?" he asked.

"I was at the convent, and when the holidays came your regiment went away. Were you here long?" She looked up at him, but his admiring gaze made her blush again.

"Three months or so." He spoke carelessly; he had forgotten all about that far-off time since he had seen Rosalie.

"Do you write to Clemence very often?" There was a saucy tone in her voice. "Clemence will be home to-morrow," she thought, "and then he will have no time to speak to me. I shall make hay while I can."

"Often? Oh, yes, I think so," but he spoke in an indifferent manner, and pulled his fair moustache while he looked at Rosalie.

The young girl glanced at her grandmother. The heat and the dinner together had been overpowering. Madame nodded in her chair. Rosalie looked frankly up into Louis' eyes and laughed.

"Why does Mademoiselle laugh?" He drew his chair closer to hers.

"You make me laugh; I cannot help it."

He was ruffled; he asked his question again more earnestly.

"Will not Mademoiselle tell me why?"

Rosalie blushed till Scherer thought he had never seen any one so distractingly lovely.

"You will think me silly, Monsieur," she said, "but there was an old *sœur* at Bruges — la *Sœur Marthe* — and she used to talk

to us about men: she said they were ogres, and she said we must beware of them, and — and —"

"And you think I am an ogre. I thank you, Mademoiselle."

"No, no, no. I did not say that." She pouted up her pretty lips coaxingly — she was afraid she had angered him, and she wanted him to stop and talk to her. "I only wondered," she went on archly, "whether all the men in the world look at people as hard as you looked at me just now. I thought it was perhaps for that reason la *Sœur Marthe* said they were ogres." She laughed out so merrily that he could not feel affronted.

"Mille pardons!" Then he bent over her and whispered, "It is your fault if I looked too much."

The glance or the tone that went with it, flushed Rosalie's cheeks more deeply than ever; her eyes drooped, and for a minute her sauciness deserted her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me Mademoiselle," she said; "it is ridiculous when we are to be brother and sister."

Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and looked out of window into the courtyard.

"Come," he said, "we will go and sit in the arbour."

"I cannot go," pouted Rosalie. "I may only sit there in the morning."

"Every morning?"

"Yes, every morning."

"I wish it were morning, then. You would laugh at me if I told you what you seemed to me sitting there just now."

"Just now; and I never guessed who you were; *ma foi!* I had imagined Clemence's fiancé to be a so — so different person."

"What kind of man did you imagine him?"

"And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur" — she shook her pretty head saucily — "for you would then find out what I think of you now."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft round arms on the cushioned ledge, and Scherer bending over her till his face nearly touched hers.

"Hein!" said a sharp voice, and they both started apart.

Elodie turned from them to sleepy Madame de Vos, who yawned and sat stiffly upright.

"I have brought these cakes," the old woman spoke gruffly. "I gave them to Alphonse, and the imbecile has forgotten them. They are the cakes Mamselle Cle-

mence chooses for her jour de fête. So I have made them to-day for Monsieur Louis."

"Yes, yes, Elodie; thou art thoughtful. You remember Elodie, Monsieur Louis?"

The young soldier nodded at her, but the cuisinière went back to her kitchen muttering. Something had put Elodie out of temper.

Monsieur de Vos came home in the evening; he was delighted to see Clemence's lover.

When Rosalie and her grandmother went to bed, the two men sat and smoked in silence.

At last De Vos rose.

"We are both tired to-night, mon ami; we will talk business to-morrow. In your letter to me you proposed to me that the marriage should take place a fortnight after your return. Well, you and Clemence must fix the day between you, and leave the rest to me. I will fetch her home to-morrow."

He paused for an answer, but Louis stood silent; seemingly he was very busy putting his pipe into its case.

"Good night, Louis!" said de Vos. "I am giving you the best thing I have to give; if I had known two years ago all that was going to happen, perhaps you would not have got my consent so easily."

The tremor in the full strong voice moved the young soldier.

"I will try to deserve her," he said, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

But at breakfast-time the honest manly face of Monsieur de Vos looked clouded, and as soon as Louis Scherer made his appearance he went up to him.

"Ma foi, mon garçon! I have bad news for you. I have a letter from Clemence; she asks to stay till the end of the week with her aunt. It is possible that my sister may recover, and the presence of my good child comforts her. Still"—he smiled as he spoke—"I do not say what may happen when Clemence hears that you are really at the Ours d'Or."

"Bah! Bah!" Madame's dull round eyes opened to let her superior wisdom out. "Why need she hear it? Clemence must not be disturbed. She has promised, and she would not retract. Why then should she be disturbed? If she learns that Monsieur Louis is here she will weary to return home."

De Vos looked at Scherer. To his surprise the young soldier made no answer. In came Rosalie, fresh and blooming, full

of pretty excuses for being late, as she bent down to be kissed by her grandmother.

"Paresseuse!" said the old woman fondly. "Allons, thou and I must amuse Monsieur Louis till Clemence comes home."

De Vos got up from table, and nodded smilingly to the three.

"Arrange it as you will. I must go to work; and leave you idle ones to your play. Au revoir."

Scherer looked after him with an irresolute face. Just then Elodie came to clear away breakfast, and Madame de Vos settled herself in her armchair and began on her everlasting tricot.

The young man cleared his throat nervously, and Madame de Vos looked up at him. He must speak now, but his words came hesitatingly:—

"I am thinking of leaving you to-day, Madame; Clemence is away, and I am not wanted here. I go to Alost to see my father and my mother."

Then came a little pause, while his three listeners digested his words after their own fashion.

Elodie nodded her head approvingly. She said to herself, "Good youth: he finds no pleasure in the house now that Clemence is not in it." And she smiled as she carried away the coffee-pot and table-cloth.

Rosalie's firm full lips pouted redder than ever. "He shall not go," she thought. "I have been counting on these four days, and I will not lose the chance of amusing myself."

The grandmother's eyes grew large and round, as the wolf's did once on a time to Red Riding Hood. "Leave us because Clemence is away? The foolish youth does not know of what he speaks. My Rosalie must open his eyes." Then she said to Louis, "Go away, do you say? But that would be too unreasonable, my dear Louis." She laid her fat hand on his coat-sleeve,—"You must not go away; my son will think that you are offended, and, ma foi! what do I know? it is possible that Clemence may return sooner, and then how can I explain your going away? Aha! tell me that a little!"

This fair-faced happy-looking young soldier was troubled; and trouble was a new and uncomfortable sensation. Till now he had managed to get through life without it. He had got into debt, but then his father had arranged that for him. He had always had friends in plenty among his comrades, and women had always smiled on him.

Till he saw Clemence de Vos he had sunned himself, like a butterfly, in these smiles, caring nothing for the weight that

might be attached to the flattering words he gave so readily in exchange. But there was something more than a mere pretty face in the innkeeper's daughter. It may have been that the secret of her power lay in her carelessness of the flattery he had always found so successful. His captain was a distant relative of the innkeeper's wife, and took the youth with him to the Ours d'Or; and very soon after the arrival of his company in the quaint old Flemish town, Louis Scherer had asked Madame de Vos to induce her husband to consent to his betrothal to Clemence. The young soldier had a pleasant frank way with women that won through all reserve and prejudice. Auguste de Vos thought Scherer too young and frivolous a husband for his favourite child, but he could not withstand her mother's pleading, and he consented reluctantly to the long engagement.

So far Scherer's faith had stood the test. The two years were over, and he had come to claim his bride; but he was sorely troubled.

Rosalie's face had haunted him all night, and when she came down to breakfast she was still lovelier than he had pictured her—as fresh as a morning sunbeam. He grew more and more disturbed, and when Madame de Vos called on Rosalie to help in amusing him, it seemed to him that the only refuge from so exquisitely dangerous a trial to his constancy lay in flight. He should be all right again when Clemence came back; Clemence always made him feel calm and peaceful. He looked up. Rosalie's fair head was still bent over some flowers she had been examining; it seemed to him suddenly that he was no longer troubled, and that he might just as well await Clemence's return at the Ours d'Or.

"Alphonse! Elodie!" cried Madame, "the goat! the thief! ah!" and she bustled out of the parlour into the courtyard, and charged a goat—that was diligently nibbling the vine-leaves—with the ball of worsted on the end of her knitting-pins.

PART II.

FOUR days passed away. On the evening of the fifth day Clemence stood once more under the grey archway of the Ours d'Or. There was on her earnest face a chastened look. In the quiet room at Bruges she had seen so much of the real beauty of life—patience, sweetness, self-denying endurance, and, above all, so cheerful and loving a conformity to ills and trials, that she asked herself now, as she stood ready to enter once more into the dis-

tractions of the outer world, which was true happiness: enjoyment to the full of the good things of this life, or the ineffable peace and joy that shone out of the pale eyes of the suffering *Sœur Marie*?

The sunlight had faded, but its heat lingered yet. All was still within the archway; Elodie was not in the kitchen; on the other side the parlour door stood open; there was no one within. Clemence breathed a sigh of relief; she might muse a few moments longer, and she went on into the courtyard. There was light there still, but the birds had left off singing, the little fountain plashed quietly into the stone basin, and the gnats hummed everywhere: there was a feeling of luxury in the repose of the place.

All at once the hush was broken. A low murmuring of voices came from the arbour at the farthest end of the courtyard. Clemence looked round; the clustering vine-leaves hid the faces of the speakers, but she saw Rosalie's blue gown.

Clemence guessed that her father was the other tenant of the arbour; a childish thought came into her head.

"I will surprise them," she said. She crept noiselessly to the arbour and peered through the vine-leaves. Rosalie's head was turned away, hidden on her companion's shoulder, but his face met Clemence's gaze—it was not her father, it was Louis Scherer.

A little cry from Clemence, then a start and some confusion: it seemed but a second, and then Louis was beside her, holding her to his heart and kissing her tenderly.

When Auguste de Vos came in to supper Rosalie was missing.

"The poor child has a *migraine*," said the grandmother; "she has gone to bed. Clemence has come home."

The good father passed on into the courtyard to call in the lovers. The moon had silvered the fountain, but it was dry and silent now.

Monsieur de Vos held his daughter in a long fond embrace. He knew that in the future he could not be to her that which he had lately been, and the remembrance of her earnest watchful tenderness since his deep sorrow had come upon him thrilled in his voice and manner to-night, though he tried to speak gaily.

"Well, young folks, is the day fixed?"

Clemence linked her arm through her father's.

"We have not yet spoken of it," said Louis.

"There is no hurry, *mon garçon*, so far

as I am concerned. You need not think we want to lose our Clemence."

He squeezed her hand fondly in his arm. "But if Clemence will consent"—Louis spoke very fast; he seemed to be driving his words out against their will—"it will be better to keep to the old arrangement, and let our marriage be on this day fortnight."

"That is right, my lad, quite right! First pledges should never be broken; it is weak and frivolous to alter."

The brave, kind father had striven to put willingness into his voice; but the little hand lying close against his heart felt it heave, as if a strong, suppressed sob was kept in prison and wanted to get out. . . .

Rosalie came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed.

"You go out in the sun too much," said her father, and then he went back to his beloved newspaper. Elodie had come into the room, and there was a strange and angry significance in the glance she bestowed on Madame de Vos.

The fulness of her joy made Clemence selfish. She had no thought of any one but Louis, and she followed him out into the courtyard without even looking at Rosalie.

One comprehends that "the first-fruits" was a most precious offering. What second joy can equal the first?—the first view of mountain scenery—of the sea—the yearly joy of the first day of Spring—or the most intense of all, the first day of reunion after separation,—all these have ecstasy in them as fleeting as breath on a mirror—as the glory of the rainbow.

Clemence seemed to walk on air. As she stepped out into the flood of sunshine the birds were singing one against another, every sparklet of the fountain seemed to bid her welcome.

"Shall we go towards the old abbey?" said Louis.

She nodded, and ran away upstairs. She had hardly patience to put on her hat and cloak; in her joy and excitement every moment robbed from the delight of his presence trebled in length.

She was hastening downstairs again when the door of her grandmother's room opened.

"Come here, Clemence; I have wool only for to-day. Thou must get me more; thou wilt pass Schmelter's magasin, in the Marché aux Grains; thou must not forget this. And stay, I will seek all the patterns; I must get my bags. Tiens! tiens! Where are they?"

Clemence answered eagerly, "Louis is waiting, bonne maman, and if you have

enough for to-day I will manage to get you some for to-morrow, this evening. Good-by, now!" and she ran away.

An unpleasant smile came into Madame's face.

"Louis is waiting! Ma foi! the poor boy would be content to wait all day if he had Rosalie to talk to. How can this end? I must see how far things have gone with my sweet angel, and then I must make these foolish children happy in the way I consider best suited to them. Yes, I am the most fitting judge." And she went on rapidly with her knitting.

A cloud had come over the sunshine of Clemence's happiness when she came in from her walk, and yet she could not tell whence it came.

She stood in her little room taking off her hat. "Am I exacting," she asked herself; "do I expect too much joy from mere human life? What does this troubled longing mean?" Then a pause, while thought searched deeper; then, with a little sigh, "Have I exaggerated? in these long months of absence have I dreamed over his words and his looks till I have made them out to be more tender, more—I cannot even say what I want in them. I don't know what I miss, only something is gone." She buried her face between her small hands. "It is so ungrateful to murmur; he is very kind and thoughtful for me. Oh, what is this that has come over me—am I growing wicked?" A look of terror was in the pure earnest eyes as she suddenly raised her head and pushed her hair from her forehead. "Just now it seemed to me that he made my fatigue a pretext, and was glad to shorten our walk, because he was tired of me—or is it this,—a calmer look came into the lovely troubled face,—“is it that all earthly joy is unsatisfactory, and this feeling is sent me thus early to wean me from desiring it?” Again she mused: "No; even la Sœur Marie said I ought to think much of Louis and his love, and I must. It seems to me that he is my all—the very sun of my life; and what have I been doing—blaming him for want of love? for I suppose that is really what I mean."

She went downstairs; her troubles seemed increased rather than soothed by self-communing.

Except Rosalie every one looked grave and preoccupied—she had recovered her spirits and kept up an incessant flow of talk.

Clemence tried to be at ease, but her lover's downcast face checked her; a sort

of embarrassment came when she spoke to him.

"It is fancy," she thought. "Why, my father is silent also — they are both engaged in planning our future life. How grateful I ought to be to have a place in the thoughts of two such men. I must conquer this disquiet, or Louis will perceive it."

That night both the sisters' pillows were wet with tears.

Tears with the young Rosalie of wild grief at the injustice which was breaking her heart, and at the perfidy which could love her best and yet persist in wedding her sister. On that evening when Clemence had surprised them in the arbour — although Scherer had not actually professed to love Rosalie, he had yet drawn the ardent, indiscreet girl to a sudden half-confession of her passion for him — a passion which the poor, vehement child told herself, in the midst of her humiliation, that he had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women would never have arrived at this knowledge; but Rosalie's over-mastering vanity saved her from the self-reproach of having sought Louis.

"I shall die of sorrow," she said, as she lay sobbing in the moonlight; "and then, perhaps, both he and Clemence will be sorry, and will come and cry over my grave."

And Clemence lay awake, too, alone in her room, with widely opened eyes, trying to regain her lost peace. What was this that had come to her? The character of all others that she had held in aversion was that of a jealous, untrusting woman. And what was she now?

And yet Clemence was not jealous. She never dreamed that her lover's faith had gone astray to another; she only felt her love was not returned, she longed for something that she missed.

Through the long night she tried to school herself with severe reproaches.

"It is not his fault," she said. "He has not changed; it is I, who love him too much. He has been going about in the world, meeting continually with fresh distractions to his thoughts; while I have stayed here brooding over the one idea till I have made an idol of it."

Tears gave no relief to the craving, restless torture. "I cannot help it," she said. "I must love as I love him now for ever." But morning brought hope with it. "It may be the very strength of his love that has changed him so. Ah! when we are married these fits of moody silence will disappear, and his frank warm nature will as-

sert itself again. I will not think any more," she said.

She found Louis alone in her little parlour. His greeting was warmer than it had been since his first arrival.

"I am going to Alost, my Clemence, but I shall return soon, and bring my father and my mother with me."

It was hard to think of parting, but it was a relief. This little separation might help them both, and yet tears came into her eyes as she looked at her lover.

"Only for a few days," he said, but he did not smile; he looked towards the doorway, from her.

A sudden impulse mastered Clemence.

"Louis!" — she clasped her hands tightly together — "do not be angry with me; it is only love that makes me speak. Are you sure you wish to be my husband?"

He stood looking at her, then a faint flush rose in his cheek.

"You are joking." He tried to laugh. "I should not have returned to claim you, Clemence, if I had not wished this."

In came Madame de Vos with Rosalie, and Clemence did not get another moment with her lover.

And when he started for Alost, it seemed to her that she had awakened from a painful dream. How full of morbid fancies she had been. If Madame de Vos had not come in when she did, she might have worried Louis with a confession of all her doubts and misgivings. And with the relief from doubt her usual energy returned. All the important articles of her trousseau had long been ready; but there were some trifles which required her attention, and in selection of these she wanted Rosalie's help and taste.

She went into the old lady's room to look for her sister.

"Where is Rosalie?"

"Rosalie must not be disturbed," said Madame. There was sadness in her voice, and there was anger too, but Clemence did not notice it.

"Bonne Maman, I must have her to go with me to Madame Gregoire's. She has to choose her own dress, you know, and she can decide for me. No one has such a charming taste as Rosalie."

"She shall not go, I tell you." There was a tempest of passion in the grandmother's broken voice. "Clemence," she went on, "thou art a monster of selfishness. What, then, I ask thee, is it not enough that the happiness of these two hearts is for ever sacrificed to thine, but thou wouldst employ, for thy vanity, the time the poor innocent gives to her tears?"

Clemence felt sick and trembling — her grandmother's indignation brought a conviction of guilt to her timid heart; and yet she did not know her crime. The haunting shadow of these last days had come near her, and was each instant taking a more real shape; but she could not move or speak. She could only look with the earnest imploring glance which had so much power to irritate Madame de Vos.

"But, Clemence, — it is all very fine to look at me in that innocent way. Bah! thou hast been blind if thou hast not seen it."

"Blind!" — the voice was faint, and full of fear.

"Bah — bah — bah!" The old woman lashed herself into fresh anger, so as to steel her heart against the entrance that plaintive word had nearly found. "Clemence, if thou art not blind, thou art, indeed, selfish. How, then, should it happen otherwise? These two are made one for the other. Rosalie's gown for thy wedding with Louis! Her shroud more likely; for the sweet child will die of her despair."

Clemence started. She went up to her grandmother, and took a firm hold of her arm.

"Speak more plainly," she said, in a hard, strained voice, that startled Madame. "Do you mean to tell me that Rosalie loves Louis?" An angry flush rose on her cheeks.

"Not more than he loves her. And why should I not mean to tell thee? It is the kindest and the best office I can do thee, Clemence." Her voice was less angry, and she laid her hand on the young girl's clasping fingers. "I warn thee in time not to force thyself on an unwilling husband."

For a moment Clemence stood crimsoned, almost suffocated with a horrible fear. Had Louis never loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had come. Once more she felt free to speak.

"How do you know this?" She spoke with authority, and Madame was cowed.

"I know it from the child herself. Besides, was it not enough to see the change that came over Louis at thy return?"

"Ah!" burst from the pale lips; but there was no answer; and the grandmother's voice was not so firm when she next spoke.

"He has not been like the same creature, that poor youth. It is not surely possible that thou hast thought him happy? But, Clemence, I ask thee to convince thyself. Ask Elodie, ask any one of the household. They must tell thee how happy

he was with Rosalie. He could not bear to lose sight of her a moment."

Madame paused for an answer; but Clemence only raised her head defiantly, as if to repel sympathy. Then she went away.

In that quaint old Flemish city, in one of the side-chapels of a small church, is a beautiful picture of the Crucifixion. At midday a woman came into the little chapel and knelt before its altar. At three o'clock she was there, still kneeling.

The sacristan had observed the woman as he walked up and down the aisle. At first she knelt rigid, immovable as one of the statues around her, her face hidden by the falling black hood. As he passed again the head was bowed low over the clasped hands, and the whole body was shaken with a tempest of sorrow. The sacristan was tender-hearted, and he moved to the other end of the church to get out of sight and hearing. Now, at three o'clock, he passed again by the Chapel of the Crucifixion. The woman knelt there still, but her grief was hushed. Her hands were clasped, but her head was thrown back, and the sacristan saw a young face, tear-stained, but no longer sad, the dark eyes fixed in loving contemplation on the picture above her.

When he passed again the chapel was empty.

Long ago instinct had told Clemence that she had a high proud spirit; under the loving rule of her father and her mother this had rarely been aroused. Her grandmother's words this morning raised a storm of passionate indignation that mastered sorrow.

When she left Madame de Vos she hurried to her own room and locked the door.

"It is a conspiracy, a plot, made by bonne maman herself to rob me of Louis." She flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and hid her face while the storm of passionate anger swept over her. Not for long. Like a cold hand laid on her heart came the remembrance of Rosalie's loveliness and her own inferiority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering — there must be hope to feed that pain; something in her own heart told Clemence after awhile that hope for her was over.

But the vehement anger returned. Her own passion terrified her; she could find no power to strive against it, and almost mechanically she hurried to St. Michel's.

She had been taken there as a child to see the famous picture of the Crucifixion, and an instinct, perhaps the consciousness

that she would not be known or recognized in the far-off quiet little church, had taken her here to-day.

And Clemence stayed there till the evil spirit within her was laid; till a holy and calm light shone into her troubled heart; till she repented her anger, and resolved to give up self entirely, let the pain be what it might.

As she left the church, something seemed to whisper her not to put delay between her purpose and its execution. She turned in the direction of the railway station.

It was a great relief to find that a train was about to start for Alost; she drew her hood closely over her head and entered one of the carriages.

So long as the train moved on she never flinched from her purpose; but here is Alost, and she must take her way alone into the strange town. There came to Clemence a feeling of unreality in that which she was about to do, and her purpose faltered.

"Have I not been hasty and romantic?" she thought. "What if the whole story should be untrue? Oh, what will Louis think of me for following him to his own home?" But the sure conviction came back.

And then if she were not to find him, how could she announce herself to his father and mother as the girl to whom their son had been betrothed, but whom he no longer loved? She stopped and looked wistfully back towards the station. Just then the chimes of Alost began to play; the sound cheered her. She turned into a little shop with sponges roped like onions on each side of the door.

"Can you tell me where Monsieur Scherer lives?" she asked.

"Monsieur Scherer?" An apple-cheeked old man in a blouse pushed before his stolid-looking son, — "Dame! there are many Scherers in the town of Alost; is it then the Scherer whose son the militia returned this morning? Tiens! there he is, mademoiselle, there is Monsieur Scherer, fils, opposite."

Yes; there on the opposite side of the way was Louis. Clemence's heart seemed in her throat; for a moment she could not move, and then she came out of the little shop, and Louis saw her. He was by her side in an instant.

"Clemence, what is it? what has happened?"

Her courage was going fast; face to face again with him her words would not come.

"Louis," she said at last, but without looking at him, "I want to speak to you, but not in your own home."

He looked at her wonderingly; it seemed to him that she had lost her senses, but still her calmly spoken words compelled him to obey her. He led the way like a man in a dream into a small deserted street, and then a thought occurred to him.

"We have a fruit-garden hereabouts," he said, "and I have the key; I was going there for my mother."

A little way on, and they came to a high wall. Louis Scherer opened a small door in it, and Clemence found herself in a walled garden, shaded by pear-trees. Their entrance startled a troop of brilliant butterflies from the scarlet-runner vines. The two stood facing one another just within the gate.

"Louis" — she spoke simply and quietly — "why did you not answer me truly this morning? Why did you not say, 'I love Rosalie?'"

His eyes fell, and her heart sank with them. Till then, Clemence had not known that hope yet lingered.

"What cause have I given you for jealousy?" he said, sullenly, and then, "You are making us both unhappy, Clemence."

She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Do not be angry with me. You will not when you have listened. I was agitated, I met you so suddenly, and I began wrongly. I have not come here to anger you, my Louis — it is the last time I call you so. I came only to set you free. I want you to be happy. No, do not stop me. No one shall ever blame you. I shall tell my father that I have broken with you — that — that — I do not wish to be your wife."

"And do you not wish it, Clemence?"

A great struggle was going on in the young soldier's heart; his recollection was coming back. He held both her hands while he waited for her answer. A deep blush spread over her face, and her eyes drooped. It was so hard to speak.

"No, I do not wish it," she said at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I must be loved. You thought you loved me two years ago." His eager denial *would* be heard. Clemence smiled sadly. "Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. I do not blame you — only — if you had told me at once — at first," — she stopped; she had resolved not to reproach him.

She had borne up bravely; but now the break in her voice conquered Louis.

He fell on his knees beside her, still holding both the little hands; he covered them with kisses.

"Clemence" — his voice was hoarse and

choked — "I was blind — mad — wicked. I yielded to the fancy of a moment — it is not more. Pardon me — oh, pardon me, and give me back your love!" And as he spoke the words he believed in them.

She drew her hands away. She had not counted on this trial. It was the sharpest agony of all; and yet he must never know it. She would not fail now.

"Louis" — her voice shook, but she tried to steady it — "it is only your kind heart that speaks now. Listen. Rosalie loves you; and you must marry her. In a few days you will have learned that you love her; that it is not in your power to make me happy. I should be wretched with a husband who could not love me with all his heart; and then, what would life be to you or me? Now let me go."

It seemed as if a mighty change had passed over these lovers. This loving, submissive Clemence was all at once a being to be revered as well as loved. Louis felt so infinitely abased before her — it seemed wonderful that he could have dared just now to kiss her hands. If she would but listen to him! his weak heart still whispered; but that was not possible. She only answered, — "No Louis — let me go."

Slowly and with bent head he opened the gate for her.

"When will you return to the Ours d'Or?" said Clemence.

"I do not intend to return there."

She gave him a look, half sad, half smiling, a look that often came back to him in the future; then she drew her hood closely over her face and hastened back to the station.

It is evening again in the courtyard of the Ours d'Or; the little fountain's plash is almost plaintive in the stillness: stillness now, but not so long ago stern and angry words had been spoken in the vine-shaded arbour: only Clemence's tears had power to subdue her father's indignation:

There had been a long pause, and now Auguste de Vos spoke again: —

"But for thee, my darling, the false-hearted fellow should never have darkened the old archway again, for I can see exactly what has come to pass, and how it all happened, spite of thy tender artifice. Elodie hasn't been silent since thy departure; she was not blind, as I was. If it must be, let him take Rosalie at once, and then thou shalt come back from Bruges, my Clemence, and thou shalt be thy father's comfort and blessing. . . ."

And Clemence still keeps house for her father at the Ours d'Or, for the 'bonne maman' went back to Louvain on Rosalie's wedding-day.

Cape Cod and all Along Shore. By Charles Nordhoff. (Harper and Brothers: Sampson Low and Co.) — This volume is a collection of stories which have already appeared in American magazines, but will probably be new to English readers. They deal chiefly with the habits and thoughts of the fishing population which inhabits the neighbourhood of Cape Cod. How they live at home, how they fare when they are about their work, what sort of fortune this one of them or that may meet when he is taken away to some wholly different scene, is here set forth not without a certain force and pleasantness of style. We may mention as particularly good "Captain Tom: a Resurrection." There are men, the writer says, who are insensibly dead. "I meet such frequently in Broadway and Wall Street, in which place they exhibit a degree of movement which is horrid enough to me, who know their case." Captain Tom, whose prosperous career is admirably described, falls into and rises out of such a death of jealousy and hatred. Throughout this tale, and indeed throughout all, there are some capital little touches. This is

good: — "I have noticed that your thoroughly lucky man, who rushes on through the world, conquering and to conquer, mastering every opposing circumstance, winning every point on which he sets his mind, scarcely ever gains the woman's heart he loves. For women have an instinctive horror of worldliness, an instinctive jealousy which closes their heart against the man who may in after life care less for wife and babies than for bank stock." And this, too, is smart: — "Did you ever hear one of these returned Americans utter the word *canaille*? It is true, they do not often pronounce it anything else than *canail*; but the air with which they mispronounce it is absolutely perfect; it shows that the heart is all right, though the tongue may halt." Spectator.

BISMARCK made a translation of the first six books of the *Æneid* twenty-six years ago. It is to be published this autumn.

ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN SHE DIED.

ONLY seven years old when she died !
 Surely the angels must love her dearly !
 Bright golden-haired and violet-eyed,
 None could e'er look on her face severely !
 There are children as many as the flowers,
 But never was one more sweet than ours,
 The latest bud on an aged tree
 Where never blossom again may be.
 Once I held up my head with the best,
 Crowned with three flowers of promise bright;
 Two — two of the fairest — Death tore from my
 breast,

Five years ago, in the self-same night.
 She was the only one left to me,
 And I prayed with groans of agony
 That burst from my heart, a mingled prayer
 Of hope and doubting and black despair,
 That he who doth wisely whatever betide,
 Would be willing to leave her aye by my side,
 Still blessing her richly with increase of days.
 It may be He heard me — but ah ! His ways
 Are not as ours — from the heavenly place
 Perhaps she lighteneth our life with grace.

Only seven years old when she died !
 Yet the hopes of two lifetimes died with her !
 We have not a wish in the world wide
 Save that we had gone out on the tide with her !
 The tide that has borne them all away,
 Sybil and Avis, now little May;
 The ebb that never knows turn or flow
 However the full moons come or go !
 But I would not murmur — no complaint
 Breaks from the lips, asleep or awake,
 Of the mother who bore them, making a feint
 Of being content for my love's sake.
 But sometimes her hand clings to her heart,
 And at certain hours she sits apart;
 And the golden light of sunset skies
 Brings a far-off look into her eyes;
 And I fear me much that her treasure in heaven
 Her heart from its earth-hold has almost riven,
 And soon, hearing the voice of her children
 three,

She, too, will drift out to that unknown sea —
 'The sea of glass' for her it should be —
 God help me ! what then will become of me !

Only seven years old when she died !
 How our old hearts took young delight in her,
 Our only pleasure, our hope, our pride !
 Well ! He who made her had the most right in
 her !

We took her from Him thanksgivingly;
 We gave her back — no, not willingly,
 But not with repining — God forbid !
 Yet I think He pardons that we did
 Falter awhile and fail in our praise,
 Missing the key to which it was set
 For a sweet child-treble in happier days.
 The old tune haunts our memory yet,
 And we scarce can read, for tears, the page
 Of blessings left to our altered age.
 Our 'lines,' once 'fallen in pleasant places,'
 Blankly stare in our darkened faces,

And our harps on the willows of grief hang
 low;

But God, omniscient, has known what we know.
 Once the harpings of Heaven ceased suddenly,
 And His heart was thrilled by a bitter cry —
 The cry of His Son's last agony :
 He knows what we felt when we saw her die.

Only seven years old when she died !
 Passed from the earth ere she learned its his-
 tory !

Now she stands up with the glorified,
 Fully as wise in the heavenly mystery
 As they who through great tribulation
 Fought their way up from every nation,
 Leavened the world with their life-blood warm,
 Carried the kingdom of God by storm.
 Sometimes still they talk of their story —
 How they suffered, and conquered, and died ;
 Cleft a path on through the cloud to the glory :
 She stands listening, wondering-eyed.
 Nought she knew of toil or endeavour —
 Mother's arms were around her ever ;
 Little of sorrow, doubt, or despair.
 Half she questions her right to be there —
 She who has nothing either suffered or done ;
 Till, suddenly smiling, she looks to the Son,
 And, folding her pretty hands reverently,
 Lisps out her child-creed most confidently —
 The same she learned at her mother's knee —
 'He said : " Let the little ones come to me. "'

Only seven years old when she died !
 Seventy long years, yea, and more years still,
 We have clambered and clung to the side —
 She stands even now at the top of the hill,
 Bright in the beams of the morning light !
 Ours, at the best, is a starry night.
 We toil on through the dust and the heat ;
 She sitteth calm at the Master's feet
 Reading the truth of His loveliest face ;
 Answering Him back glad smile for smile.
 We tremblingly shriek out for grace — ' Lord !
 more grace ! '

Dreading to meet His look all the while,
 So spotted our souls, and mottled with sin.
 She shows stainless without and within —
 A snow-white soul in a robe like snow.
 Weary, and wayworn, and sad we go,
 Sorely doubting if, after our course be run,
 Our life-lasting tourney well battled and done,
 When the Judge stands up the awards to divide,
 We shall be worthy to stand by her side,
 Whose sword was ne'er fleshed, whose strength
 was ne'er tried —

Who was only seven years old when she died !
 Chambers's Journal.

In every 100,000 tons of the water supplied
 to London the solid impurity averages from 28
 to 42 tons. In Edinburgh it averages from 11
 to 14 tons; Bristol, 28 tons; Manchester, 6 tons;
 Dublin, 6 tons; and Glasgow, only 3 tons.

From The Spectator, 29 May.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

FRANCE has begun to weary of the Government of Napoleon. That is, stated broadly, the result of the Elections. The Opposition, which recently numbered but five members, and even last year scarcely exceeded 25, will, there is reason to believe, this year approach, perhaps exceed, 90, or nearly a clear third of the Legislative Body, and this after counting every official candidate as devoted to the Empire. As yet all the figures are subject to correction, but on a comparison of the best accounts, it would seem certain that the "irreconcilables" already elected number 26, that 10 of these have double seats, and will nominate their substitutes, and that in 58 cases a second ballot is required because the fractions opposed to the Empire have been too strong to permit the Imperialist candidates to secure the clear majority required by law. It is asserted that in all these cases the fractions will, with the ready tact of Frenchmen, unite on one, and in that event M. Rouher will have 94 enemies to face. This of itself is a great fact, for Caesarism needs more than a majority, it requires a feeble opposition, but analysis vastly increases its importance. After seventeen years of the Empire, the great cities of France, cities which to an exceptional degree collect the picked brains and activities of the provinces, have decided by a majority of nearly three-fourths that they wish no more of Napoleon, that they desire a Republic, that with them hostility to the dynasty, fiery, persistent, almost cruel hostility, is the highest qualification a candidate can display. In Paris, which, whether it rules France or not, at all events leads France, regard for the Empire has disappeared. Not one Imperialist has been or will be returned, and only one man not a Republican, and he M. Thiers, of all moderates the one most opposed to the scheme of personal government. M. Cochin, the only man supported by authority who had a chance of success, is really a nominee of the Parti Prêtre; and even he, though he stands for the Faubourg St. Germain, is personally popular, and has all the Legitimists behind him, is outnumbered by thousands, and on the second ballot will be defeated. Emile Ollivier, chief of the Third Party, the only statesmen in France whose cry is Liberty under the Napoleons, has been beaten by two to one; by a Red of 1849 without a modern claim; and M. Rochefort, editor of the *Lanterne*, a man whose popularity is due to a felicity for epigrammatic insult on the Empire, is said

to be sure of his return, and has at all events more votes than his official opponent. Both in Paris and Marseilles the largest and most enthusiastic majorities have been polled for Gambetta, the advocate, who rose to power by his single speech in defence of the accused in the Baudin "conspiracy," — a speech which, in its scathing eloquence, its wealth of invective, and, we must add, its unreason, recalled the days of the Gironde. Judging him by his speech alone, we should say M. Gambetta was sincere; and if so, the Empire has never aroused a more formidable opponent. Wherever a known Red has started in the cities, he has distanced all opponents, defeating not only Orleanists like Prevost Paradol and M. Hervé, but Republicans of the Cavaignac school like Carnot or M. Marie. Indeed, it would almost appear that a large section of the bourgeoisie must have voted with the Republicans, for out of the 265,000 votes given in Paris, 210,000 were given to the opponents of the Empire, 12,000 to M. Emile Ollivier, who is opposed to personal government, and only 43,000 to the nominees of the Government, including M. Cochin, who fights for his own hand and the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Napoleon, aided by the Priests, and in full possession of the irresistible administrative machine, has not succeeded in securing one-sixth the total number of votes in a city upon which he has lavished millions, in which he resides, which he has made, if not the first, at least the most brilliant city in the world.

The severity of the blow to the Empire will, of course, be differently estimated according to the opinion each observer has formed of the relation of Paris to France. There are who believe that Paris, now as for centuries, is France, and to them the vote must seem almost the death-warrant of the Empire. There are also who hold that Paris is a Republic in the midst of a monarchy, that it is essentially antagonistic to France, and that its importance arises only from the grip which its vast and semi-military mob, numbering probably 400,000 grown men, of whom half have passed through the military mill, can press upon the heart of the great organism, and these will almost exult at the stimulus which the voice of Paris will give to the reaction throughout France. But to those with whom we should agree, who hold that Paris neither is France, nor is antagonistic to France, but is the Nilometer of France, the register of the coming tide of political passion, a register always accurate, though always far above the actual water level, the

blow seems terribly severe. The intelligence of France, the brain which, fevered as it may be, is still nobler than the body, has condemned the Empire, condemned it furiously, condemned it with needless words of shrill insult. To the Emperor himself the stroke must give almost unendurable pain. His is no peasant intelligence, no mind which can reckon only material results, no temperament content with daily food. He wants to represent these very men who scorn him, to be their accepted chief, their pride, their leader even, not merely their master, resting on bayonets like any monarch of the old world. He has watched Paris, courted Paris, flattered Paris, and Paris at every election, in higher and sharper tones, responds only with the cry, "*Ad leones!*" It is to the lions, to the men who would devour him, to the "irreconcilables," who would despise Heaven if he ruled there, that his capital has striven to throw the Emperor. No ruler with a brain better than that of a tortoise could listen to such a cry unmoved; and there is little consolation to be found as he looks abroad. The great cities respond to the summons of the greatest, and though the little cities do not, they also swell the ranks of the less fervid opponents of the Empire; while, if our view of the result of the second ballot is correct, the Emperor has lost a fourth of the representatives for the Departments and nearly half of the total Electorate. In almost every department a heavy vote has been thrown against him, and, imperfect as the statistics are, we incline to believe, with the *Times*, that when the mass vote is counted, one Frenchman in every three will be found to have voted against the Empire. The *Gazette de France* indeed affirms that the mass vote has been reckoned, and that the hostile candidates obtained 3,248,885 votes, against 4,053,056 given to the Empire. It must be with an unusual sense of fatigue, with a deeper distaste for all things, that the weary, melancholy man who still is France for the world must turn him once more to his work, the winning of a stable throne.

What will he do? That he will rest content, using his majority and advancing through the next six years as through the past six, seems to us most improbable. Content is no part of his character, or of that of his people; that minority, if he remains tranquil, will grow and grow till it destroys either his power or himself; and his mind, though indolent, is creative. If he decides, on the other hand, as we think he will decide, on movement, he has at least four distinct policies before him. One, which

will be pressed on him by the Bonapartists, is to accept the vote as a declaration of war, to withdraw the liberties he has granted, and to reign as he did for a time as autocrat of France, rather than a Cæsar. He will be pressed to try that by men like M. de Persigny, but the pressure will not be palatable to him. He does not want to be a vulgar emperor sitting on bayonets, but the elect of France, strong because the nation is strong, autocrat only because the nation must be autocrat, and because he is the executive expression of its latent will. Besides, despotism in France implies a despot who will work, and Napoleon year by year grows more weary of personal toil, shrinks more from details, dreams for longer and longer intervals of time. Or he may yield, as Emile Ollivier advises, and concede Ministerial responsibility, sink in fact, if not in form, into a Parliamentary King. The elections, however, give him little encouragement to such a course as that. Their meaning is that his foes are implacable, that they have condemned him, and not merely his *régime*; that they will use every power he gives to establish a Republic in which he can have no place. There is no reason either to doubt that his dislike of Parliamentary Government is sincere; that he despises its slowness, its habit of compromise, the place it gives to mere power of talk, that he honestly believes it a bad method of representation. Frenchmen of great intelligence believe that this, — the concession of a responsible Ministry, — will be his course; but Frenchmen of great intelligence have, from the beginning, failed to estimate the least French of all the men who have ruled France. Judging by his history, this is the last device to which the Emperor will descend, for it will be equivalent to a confession that the Napoleons have no *raison d'être*. Then it is not to be forgotten that Napoleon has always been on one side of his mind Socialist, that the men elected by Paris are advocates of the Republic democratic and social, that he might hope by some great stride in that direction to renew his hold upon the masses. He may have still in reserve some plan which by remedying, or rather alleviating, the social miseries of France might bind the population to his throne; but it is difficult, almost impossible, to see what even he could do in that direction which would compensate for the indefinite hopes held out by the Republic. Any such step, — say, for example, as the grant of the *droit du travail*, — would rouse the propertied classes, and in France there are 5,000,000 of proprietors, five in

eight of the whole electorate. Any Poor-law, even the grant of pension to the aged as aged, would be fiercely resented, and would require taxation upon the rich. Or finally, the Emperor may divert all France from politics by plunging into the great war, by fighting out the postponed duel with Germany, with Belgium for the stake. The military party wish that, and it is useless to deny that much of the unpopularity of the Empire is due to Sadowa, to the foreign policy which has ended in diminishing the preponderance of France upon the Conti-

nent. This is for England the most unpleasing of the solutions; but Napoleon has to think of an opinion other than ours. The stakes are terrible, France does not wish them played, there may be other plans in that many-counselling brain; but still victory there, is victory once for all. The conqueror of the Rhine might grant liberty, and yet sit upon an easy throne. There is a week for thought, the second ballot before; but if it results as we believe it will result, the chances of European war will be terribly increased.

WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

The *Overland* for June crosses the continent on the completed Pacific Railroad. As there are few readers who have not been told before that it is the "greatest work of the age," they will, perhaps, overlook the omission here of much of the popular rhetoric in regard to "indissoluble ties," "wedding of the East to the West," etc. But some who remember to have read that "the two locomotives moved up until their pilots rubbed together, symbolic of the friendly salute of their respective owners," did not perhaps hear

WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching — head to head
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back!
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the West:
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And, if altitude's a test,
Why, I reckon, it's confessed,
That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the East:
"They who work best talk the least.
S'pose you whistle down your brakes;
What you've done is no great shakes:
Pretty fair — but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting,
Let these folks, with champagne stuffing,
Not their Engines, do the *puffing*."

Listen! Where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats;
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum dyes:
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon —

Blessing all that he has blest —
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest;
And before my flying feet,
Every shadow must retreat."
Said the Western Engine: "Phew!"
And a long, low whistle blew,
"Come now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest —
You brag of your East! *You* do?
Why, I bring the East to *you*!
All the Orient — all Cathay —
Find through me the shortest way.
And the sun you follow here,
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really — if one must be rude —
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union: "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central: "I'm Pacific,
But when riled, I'm quite terrific.
Yet to-day, we shall not quarrel
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two Engines — in their vision —
Once have met without collision."

That is what the engines said,
Unreported and unread,
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

PROFESSOR MORLEY has completed the second of his useful and handy "Tables of English Literature." This set reaches from 1400 to 1625 A. D., and shows the whole of the noteworthy literary productions of each year in its horizontal lines, while its successive vertical lines give every author and all his works. The tables are a conspectus of English literature, of use to the student in a lecture-room and the reader or writer in his study.

THE AWAITING.

A FRAGMENT FROM "DIE ERWARTUNG" OF
SCHILLER.

Do I not hear the gate turning?
Was it the latch that then fell?
No! the zephyr murmurs yearning
Through this quiet poplar dell.

Silence! the hedge-row was parted,
Rustling while one through it crept.
No! a frightened bird then darted
From the copse, and onward swept.

A voice with the still air is blending,
Softly, in whispers fond?
No! the circling swan is sending
Ripples o'er the silver pond.

Heard I not feet lightly moving
Over the gravel-strewn path?
No! the falling fruit is proving
Ripeness from the weight it hath.

Do I not see a white shimm'ring,
Shining with silk's sheeny fall?
No! the pillar there is glimm'ring
'Gainst the shadowed yewen wall.

And soft, while from heavenly clearness
The moments all-happy descend,
Nigh she came, unscen in her nearness,
And wakened with kisses her friend.
Harvard Advocate.

SUMMER RHYME.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG.

LEAF on the bough and fly on the wing,
Birds that sing, winds that swing
Roses thickly clustering,
Woodbine-blossoms that clamber and cling,
Ferns that fresh in the woodland spring,
Flowers that sweets to the breezes fling,
Babble of streams and drip of wells,
Golden gleams and balmy smells,
Bees a-buzz in odoriferous bells,—
What is the word their gladness tells,
What the bliss they bring?

Summer is loose and Spring's away;
Hearts be gay; pipe and play,
Revel and laugh the livelong day,
Bind the brow with bloom o' the May,
Lave the limbs i' the foam and spray,
Whirl i' the dance at evening gray.
Beat the moss with lightsome feet,
Tumble and toss the hay in the heat,
Stray in the grass, stray in the wheat—
This is the bliss of their burden sweet,
These the words they say.

FILIAL APPEAL TO A PARENT.

AIR—"Cheer, boys, cheer!"

Do, please, Papa, take me to the Derby!
It is a scene I do so long to see.
Mitte negotium; fiet nil in Urbe,
O Gubernator dilectissime!
Say to expense you entertain objection,
Then we can go by railway, if you like;
But I confess I have a predilection
For the good old time-honoured road, and pike.

Stand us a drag; us youths, and certain others;
Seat us, that is, the vehicle outside;
Drive, if you will, myself, my friends, and
brothers,

Or let some expert whip our horses guide.
All round our hats the veil of azure wearing,
(Schooled by my seniors I've been taught to be;
And of instruction fruit, I trust, am bearing,)
Dust or no dust, to Epsom Downs tend we.

All the way down, at window, wall, or paling,
Females their powers of fascination try,
Which on us chaps prove wholly unavailing—
We know that kind of thing is all my eye.
Fellows, when they are going to the races,
Only at horses ever ought to look,
Let idle boys, time wasting, stare at faces;
I'd rather pay attention to my Book.

'Mid soldiers, statesmen, artist, men of letters,
Taking our stand where best we can, what fun
Seeing example set us by those betters,
Who, all around, are betting odds to one!
There we behold, with interest undivided,
As viewed alike by publican and peer,
Of all events the greatest one decided
Which all the world can show in all the year.

Oh! then unpack those things we should say
grace on,
Which will have been, through kind paternal
care,

Largely purveyed by FORTNUM *atque* MASON,
Pop goes the cork while we consume the fare!
Hip, hip, hooray, whoever was the winner!
Hip, hip, hooray for such a jolly lunch!
None of us after that will want a dinner,
Hip, hip, hooray for old Papa and *Punch*!

Then we descend and mingle with the masses,
Where various rogues unwary victims fleece;
Where stroll the Swells among the lower classes:
Thimblereg, gipsies, preachers, and police.
Let those who will at nuts and toys go shying,
If they delight amidst the Cads to roam.
Light your cigars, and whilst the day is dying,
Chaffing and chaffed we'll jollily go home.
Punch.

THE REV. D. SILVAN EVANS, Rector of Llany-
mawddwy, Merionethshire, is preparing "A Dic-
tionary of the Welsh Language, from Original
Sources."